

*Amusement
News*

LIFE

Personalities Sport

September 21 1928



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FAMOUS SAYINGS OF EVERYDAY WOMEN
"I've had plenty of chances to go on the stage but my folks won't let me."

"You'll eat your spinach or you won't get a bit of dessert."

"I'll have to have a little extra money this week."

"Anyhow, I notice her hair is dark at the roots."

"You must promise not to tell another soul."

"I'd do anything to lose a few pounds."

"You don't know the half of it."

"When did you shave last?"

"My feet are killing me."

"Mind your own business."

"Don't forget to write."

"Wipe off your feet."

"Now you stop."

"Darn it."

"Hub!"

—C. A. Leedy, in *Youngstown Telegram*.

A TWISTER

A SWEET young thing at the show the other evening insisted on repeating each joke aloud, to the discomfiture of her escort and the mild annoyance of the people seated nearby. The worm was bound to turn, and did, after one of the characters had remarked, "I think the weaker sex is often the stronger sex, because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex."

"There," said the sweet young thing's boy friend, grimly, "repeat that one."

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A WELL-KNOWN poet is an enthusiastic angler. He must startle his publisher when he describes the length of the poem he nearly wrote.

—*Humorist (London)*.

"I never saw
so many
happy people"

NO MORE work for this lad—for awhile, at least! I'm going to be as happy and contented as the rest of these people. Man, what a hotel this is! And the food they give you! I never ate so many good things all at once. . . . Just about walked my legs off this morning. I was in the Ocean a good part of yesterday, so today I decided to see what the Boardwalk was like. Did half the length and back again! It was certainly good to see that dining-room! . . . Going up on the Ocean Deck with a book till dinner time, and let the sun and air do their worst. I can't think of a better way to spend an afternoon.

If you would like to know more about Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, we will gladly send you a descriptive booklet.

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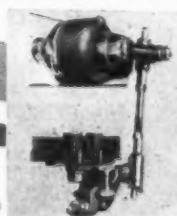
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"He's a Great Boss!"

"He's been planning for you and the children as well as for me. He wants you to be protected in case anything happens to me. He's a great boss!"

W

HEN you hear a man refer to his employer as "the boss," or "the chief," study the expression of the speaker's face. If the corners of his mouth turn up a bit and a happier expression comes into his eyes, you may be sure that his boss is kind and considerate.

In some businesses it is the boss's privilege and personal pleasure to know by sight, and usually by name or nickname, everyone who works for him. Some of the great bosses in America, while they do not have the satisfaction of personal acquaintance, have earned the trust and affection of thousands of workers who have never seen them.

Perhaps there are still some employers who study ways and means to squeeze pay-rolls to the limit and who consider individuals on the pay-rolls merely as money-making units. But they will be replaced, sooner or later, by bosses who have a better understanding of changing industrial conditions today.

Men cannot work collectively without leadership. They expect it and want it, but it must be intelligent and above all—fair. Then follows a mutual interest in the job to be done. When you hear a man in the ranks say "we sold more goods last month than in any previous one" he counts himself not as an individual but part of his organization.

Wise leaders, realizing that men cannot do their best if they are worried about

The efforts of employers to provide protection for the families of their employees are bringing a new spirit of good will into industrial relations.

Ten thousand employers of labor in the United States and Canada have set up programs whereby their employees may secure insurance under most favorable terms. The necessity of medical examination is eliminated; family history becomes immaterial; so also the occupation of the individual; and cost to employees in each group is equalized.



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family affairs, are glad to plan with them for the comfort and safety of their homes.

Cooperation of leaders and workers stretches the buying power of their joint dollars. In many cases it enables employees of an organization to get life insurance protection at much less than it would cost to buy the same protection individually. Employees who have learned that the boss, buying for their entire group, can get better rates are glad to let him do their buying. He saves them time, worry and money.

In this way, hundreds of thousands of families have already secured protection against possible financial disaster—at low cost. There will be more next year and more the year after.



Not only that, but when these Group Insurance programs are set up, employees are able to get their insurance at prices much below those available to individuals in the open market.

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HALEY FISKE, President.

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LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription, \$5.00. Vol. 92, No. 2394, Sept. 21, 1928. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter, June 8, 1922, at New York Post Office, under act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright 1928, Life Pub. Co., in U. S., England and British Possessions.



LIFE



OUR CANDIDATE INSULTS THE VOTERS

*"We May Be More Smart-Alec Than We Ever Were—
But We're No Smarter"*

by

WILL ROGERS

ALL I know is just what I read in the papers.

I see where my friend Mr. Franklyn Roosevelt (blood but no political relation

nowadays are smarter and they know the facts, and won't be missled like they used to."

Now Franklyn Roosevelt is a very fine able man, He is one of the highest type men that we have in the Business of make believe, or Politics, if you like the old name.

But while we are exposing Bunk that statement of his gives us our cue for today. OF ALL THE BUNK handed out during a campaign the biggest one of all is to try and compliment the knowledge of the voter. And tell him he can't be fooled like he used to be.

Franklyn Roosevelt or any other man that knows anything knows that the Voter is no smarter than he ever was.



Our Candidate makes a bid for the California vote.

to THE Roosevelts), says that this is the "silly" season for Politics, He calls it the "Bunk" period.

Franklyn seems to be stealing our stuff, He claims that the last weeks in August and the first ones in September are the time for the Bunk to percolate.

Well our claim is that the Bunk period extends from Jan first, to December 31, Inclusive. How could one period be more bunk than another, What about nominating time? Could you possibly spread any more than is migrating around then?

Franklyn says "that conditions have changed, that the old idea that the Republican party is the party of prosperity is no longer held to, He says that people



Our Candidate makes a bid for the Florida vote.

smart their audience was, they couldnt possibly know "What their party stood for." The Supreme Court with all its divided knowledge couldnt tell you what either party "stood for."

They both stand for "Reelection." That's about the only thing that you can safely say they are for, In fact they will both "stand for" almost murder, if they can only get in.

Now as I say these fellows know the voters don't know any more than they did the year they promised them a "Full dinner paill."

How are the voters going to be any smarter when the Candidates themselves are no smarter? Even with the able men



Our Candidate makes a bid for the Boston vote.

The politician tells the people that "I don't have to tell you people what our party stands for, or what I stand for. You people read, You know the facts, I know that you won't be missled by the extravagant promises of our opponents, We rely on your sober judgment, We rest our case on your intelligence." Then he goes on for two hours more telling them what his party stands for.

Now how often have you heard the above speech made by the Candidates? They are always complimenting the intelligence of their audience.

Well now we will just take their statement apart and see what is the matter with it. If the audience do know "What



Our Candidate makes a bid for the Jewish-Catholic vote.



"What d'ya think! The doctor give us another kid. Nine pound for ten dollars."

we have this year, you don't suppose that they are an improvement over Lincoln, Jefferson, Roosevelt, and Wilson.

No, we are more "smart Alec" than we ever were, but we are no smarter.

We read more and we hear more over the radio, but the stuff we read and the stuff we hear don't make us any smarter.

For the people that write it, and the ones that talk it out over the radio are no smarter than the ones that used to have to hand down the dope for our old forefathers.

They go to the poles in an Automobile, But they don't carry any more in their heads than the old timer that went there on a mule.

So the old Bunk that you can't fool the voter is the biggest Bunk there is.

He has been fooled all his life and he will always be fooled.

There is just as many half wits voting Republican today because their fathers voted that way as there ever was.

There is just as many voting Democratic because they have heard their folks tell about how the Republicans treated them during the war, as there ever was.

If the voter is as smart as they say, why do they have to tell him anything,

why do they have literature, and campaigns, and speeches? Why does each party have to spend 4 million dollars trying to buy votes with propaganda?

The oldest form of Bunk in the world is to say how "Well informed the voters are and that they can't be misled by our opponents." We have bathtubs, airships, four wheel brakes, reducing pills, mancubists, men's corsets, and Prohibition.

But I doubt if at any time during the history of the world were we ever as down right *Dumb* as we are today.

Anti-Bunk Bulletin

Did you read about Hoover attending a ball game in Washington, and asking to be photographed with Babe Ruth? Hoover had previously refused to kiss a baby, but he was willing to shake hands with the Babe.

Unfortunately, the Babe wouldn't play ball with the Republican press agents, so the photograph was never taken.

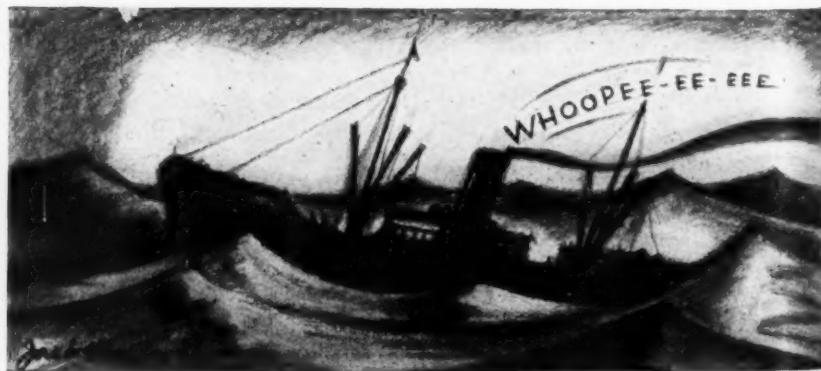
The newspapers made much of this incident, saying that the Babe's refusal indicated his devotion to Al Smith. Well, it indicated nothing of the sort.

Babe Ruth, together with Henry Ford, Nicholas Murray Butler and other great independents, was one of the Fathers of the Anti-Bunk Party. He was one of the first to indorse the nomination of Our Candidate, Mr. Rogers.

It was not his attachment for Al Smith but his antagonism to Bunk that caused the Babe to refrain from posing with Hoover.

NEXT Wednesday evening, September 26, the Anti-Bunk Party will hold its second big radio rally. An announcement of this great broadcast appears on page 32.

Those who want to wear Will Rogers campaign buttons should send in their names and addresses to Rogers Campaign Headquarters, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.



THE RUM BOAT SIGNALS



ALONG THE MAIN STEM

DEAR PAL WILLARD:

Since the Republicans sent their revoopers out to close up the Broadway places to embarrass Governor Smith, a lot of us do not know what to do with our evenings. So I toured the Harlem belt again, for a change, and outside of the Cotton Club and Connie's Inn floor revues, there is nothing to interest you up there, except, perhaps, the most exclusive thoroughfare in the town.

You probably never heard of it, Willard. They call it Striver's Row and it is the sepia-shaded native's tall millinery sector. Striver's Row is 139th Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, and the aristocratic dwellings on it were patterned by that famous architect, Stanford White. No whites live on it.

The street practically has its own government, which is named "The 139th Street Block Association," and it is a strict outfit. No stores, shops or signs, for instance, are permitted on it and only shingles for doctors or lawyers are displayed. All but two of the homes are owned by the Negro dwellers themselves and children are not permitted to be boisterous. No one is allowed to move in the daytime, and newsies and peddlers must not frequent it, for they might jar with the tone of the place. It certainly wears its high hat at a saucy angle.

A branch of colored Elks locate on it, however, and the street contains more shady trees than any other part of New York City. Music or loud talking is barred after midnight. Tenants must not lean out of their windows and only motor car traffic may pass through it, including, of course, police, ambulance and fire apparatus. Once the Block Association shooed a restaurant out of the territory—giving you an idea of its authority. Most of the high-class inhabitants of Striver's Row are professionals who scored on the stage and wisely chose to save their mazuma, including Flourney Miller, of the team of Miller and Lyles; Fletcher Henderson, the orchestra director and

author of many "blues"; Evelyn Preer, the leading lady of several colored revues, and other persons of color and wealth. I think the late Florence Mills owned some of the property on it.

I got my daily chuckle from one of the less fortunate black natives of Lenox Avenue, who told me that it is nicknamed Striver's Row "because yo' sho' have to keep strivin' to be able to live on it!"

The lads and lassies who simply must

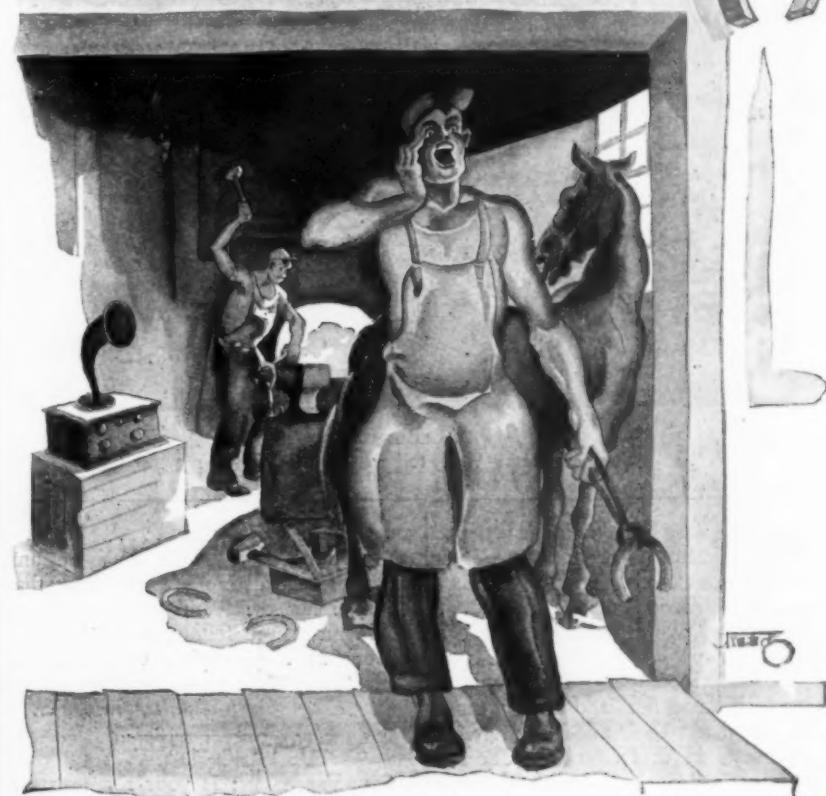
Go Places and Do Things are holding their so-called orgies in apartments, which is another good way to break a lease.... Did you know that Otto H. Kahn has more foreign decorations than Pershing?

.... You can't buy dice or playing cards at Wanamaker's....

The local smart alecks are ending their letters with: "Yours until Coolidge makes a talking picture!".... When Emil Jannings first came to this country, they say the first words he picked up were: "Applesauce" and "Cash on the table!".... Long before she starred in the show by that tag, Adele Astaire was nicknamed "Funny Face".... Cecil B. DeMille, the flicker impresario who is always being kidded



**JOE & MIKE CLANCY
BLACK SMITHS and
EXPERT HORSHOEERS**



"Hey, Joe—run over here—we got Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata' comin' in swell now!"



THE CRIMINAL
"Souvenir, huh? Well, tell that to the Judge."

or something, says that "it is far better to be cussed at than yawned at."....They say that a brunette is a girl who didn't follow the instructions on the bottle....H. T. Webster, who specializes in bridge cartoons, seldom wins at the game....The distinction between "The Ladder," the world's champ flop, and a lot of other shows was that "The Ladder" advertised its free seats in the papers....Trader Horn wears a flannel shirt with his dress clothes....No matter what you touch in Clara Bow's Beverly Hills dwelling,

you get an electric shock....The reason Patsy Ruth Miller hasn't indorsed any ciggies is that all Hollywood knows that she rolls her own, and Bugs Baer, describing a peeved fellow, said: "He was as sore as a porcupine with ingrown quills!"

Walter Winchell.

HIS "BROAD" WAY

ONE FRESHMAN: Is your room-mate a broadminded chap?
ANOTHER: Say, that's all he thinks of.



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

August 27 Up at daybreak, in order to be out in time this morning to see the horses schooled, so to the polo field to watch them, and then back to a fine breakfast, the first one that I have had at table in ten or fifteen years. The first of the day so beautiful, too, that I did resolve aloud to enjoy it more frequently in the future, causing Samuel to choke on a bit of toast. Then to the village, to buy some more linen and lace to be made into tea napkins, and meeting up with Mag Holmes, she did tell me that she is distraught because the new French servants who were proving themselves indispensable had gone suddenly back to New York, and when I inquired the reason for their exodus, she did say she feared it was because of their difficulty in keeping straight faces when she spoke to them in their native tongue. Nor is there aught much more comical, to my notion, than American employers' trying out their French on servants who understand English, the most they ever accomplish being "*Madame, —là,*" with a good deal of pointing, or a longer sentence shorn of many of its significant verbs. A great company at luncheon, the house being full of guests, and we did discuss this and that invention which might increase cosmic felicity, and Sam suggested a magnet that would attract the particles of shell remaining in a bowl of nuts after any given cook thought she had them all ready for cake or confection, but I myself would be glad of a lorgnon spring which would function for more than twenty-four hours after leaving either merchant or repair desk. Up the lake in the late afternoon so that the men might swim, and when Sam emerged from the water with his hair arched down on his forehead I caught for the first time what Mistress Hastings meant when she said he looked like Confucius.

August 28 Our host and Sam off early to Syracuse to see the sheep judged at the State Fair, so lay late, reading the journals when they came, and noting how Chicago housewives are rampant at having to pay from fifty to fifty-five cents a pound for butter, and here I have been paying seventy cents



THE MAN WITH THE IRON GRIP GETS HIS

"Hello there, Sam, old boy—watches doin' these days?"



"Studyin' jiu-jitsu!"

steadily without a murmur. Some people indeed do not know when they are in good fortune, and it would seem to me that citizens of Chicago do have graver things to be concerned about than the price of dairy products. To Mary Lowe's for luncheon, finding her all a-twitter at having overturned her last bottle of special medicine and spilled so much that the atomizer would not reach the remainder, but Bill Fanshawe did luckily

bethink himself of the fable about the bird with the ineffective beak, so she did break her strand of carnelians and drop enough of the stones into the bottle to raise the liquid to the requisite height. During the meal someone did tell of an acquaintance who had a small rug placed on a slippery floor at the foot of every flight of stairs in his house whenever his mother-in-law came to visit, and I could not but feel that he might have given the

Borgias a few points. Driving through the town subsequently and pointing out this and that to some strangers who asked for enlightenment, I was minded of Judge Blank from home, who, emerging from a doorway whilst on a visit to Washington, found himself a ballyhooer's target as follows: "On the left is the home of the Honorable Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, but that ain't him coming down the steps!" Dinner at home of cold soup, lake bass, sweet-breads sauté, saddle of lamb, vegetables and peach sherbet, all very fine, and me-thinks it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a sybarite to diet whilst on a visit.

Baird Leonard.



"Aw'right, Dr. Jekyll, pay up or I'll take it out of your Hyde."

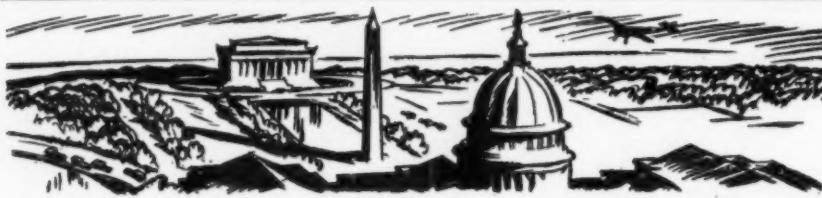
Facts

FACTS are the flies
 In the ointment of life;
 FACTS are the things
 You must tell to your wife;
 FACTS are the flaws
 In our rosee schemes;
 FACTS are the gongs
 That are death to our dreams.
 FACTS are the anchors
 That steady our acts—
 Oh, for existence
 Without any facts!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

QUESTION

"SAY, look over there."
 "Well?"
 "Is that a man in a bathing suit or is it a girl in a dress?"



THE POLITICAL FRONT

For Vice-President

FIVE years ago this summer it was demonstrated that Presidents of the United States occasionally prove mortal during their term of office. The demise of Mr. Harding caused much solemn cogitation on the need for care in choosing nominees for Vice-President. The Republicans in 1924 selected Mr. Charles G. Dawes, whose capacities were not in question; the Democrats picked Mr. Charles Bryan. In the present campaign the nominees for Vice-President were agreed upon for reasons of geography. It is a simple method of choice, but naturally a man whose chief

availability is that he lives in Topeka, Kansas, or Little Rock, Arkansas, is apt to want something in other directions. The delegates who ducked behind palms at Kansas City and Houston in their search for a candidate for Vice-President did not worry much whether the nominee was fit to become President of the United States in an eventuality. Their immediate concern was to find a man who would "balance" the ticket.

* * *

THE NOMINEES for Vice-President are members of the United States Senate. Both will remain members, one as Vice-

President, the other as Senator. One of them will get an increase in salary from \$10,000 to \$15,000 and a Government-owned limousine with a gilt crest. The other will get prestige. Nobody has ever paid much attention to either of these men, and both are having the time of their lives, what with movies, interviews and other paraphernalia of notoriety.

The Republican nominee, Mr. Charles Curtis of Kansas, is sixty-eight years of age. He has spent forty-four years in politics, nineteen of them having been passed in the Senate, during which time Mr.

Curtis has never had an original idea. Session after session he has sat in the back row on the Republican side, attired in his dark coat and tweed pants, swinging a semicircular blotter on the end of a string. He was the

principal of this leg-

islative school, knew all its small secrets, ignored infractions of discipline and said nothing. Amiable and gregarious, he enjoyed his position, was satisfied with his fate and exhibited no delusions of grandeur.

Mr. Curtis became convinced in the spring of this year that he would be nominated for President. He complained that summaries of prospective delegates published in Associated Press tables minimized his strength, although he refused to specify his pledges. He attacked Mr. Hoover and then accepted the nomination for Vice-President on the same ticket. He rushed to Convention Hall in a taxicab, delivered some indifferent observations and returned to Washington convinced that he had been done out of the nomination for President. He still feels that our newspapers are ignoring him; he cannot comprehend Mr. Hoover's appearance on the front page and his own obscurity on the inside. He has accepted Mr. Hoover's somewhat precipitate invitation to participate in Cabinet meetings and stands ready for an avalanche of Embassy cards to breakfast, dine and dance. Mr. Curtis has progressed far in a few short months, with an aggressive conviction that these delights are but a minor part of his just due. His metamorphosis is complete.

* * *

THE DEMOCRATIC candidate, Mr. Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, is fifty-six years of age, served as Governor of his State for a short time in 1913 and then came to the United States Senate, where he has since remained. He shares with Mr. Cur-



YOUNG HUSBAND (*overjoyed*): I just received a message that my wife gave birth to twins.
I'm so happy I scarcely know what to do!

OLD TIMER (*dryly*): You'll learn.





THE INVETERATE GOLFER CARRIES THE CADDIE IDEA STILL FARTHER

its qualities of sincerity, honesty and good intention, but patriotism is not enough. The viewpoint of both men is circumscribed and unadventurous. Mr. Robinson is more vehement than profound. He gets out of breath in debate; his main imple-



ment of emphasis is a shout. His speech of acceptance, which was preceded by one of Mr. Bowers' elegant tirades, consisted of a jerky presentation of a few subjects without plan or coherence. It was an address in which each paragraph consisted of a single sentence—a method of composition which furnishes an indication of Mr. Robinson's mind. He has a tougher job than Mr. Curtis, because as a 100 per cent Dry he has to campaign with and for a candidate who is 100 per cent Wet. Reconciliation of these viewpoints is a problem that would baffle the ingenuity of the Chief of Protocol of the French Foreign Office.

* * *

MESSRS. CURTIS AND ROBINSON are in no immediate danger of retiring from public office. Mr. Curtis' term in the Senate does not expire until March 3, 1933; Mr. Robinson's runs until March 3, 1931. Neither stands to suffer through his candidacy for Vice-President. One of them will get the job. The other will continue

as Republican or Democratic manager of the Senate, as the event may indicate. You will hear of them now and then throughout the campaign, although the candidates for President put them both into the shade. The Senator from Kansas is small potatoes compared with Mr. Hoover. The Senator from Arkansas is the merest *routinier* compared with Mr. Smith. Neither will influence the outcome except to the extent to which propinquity

will entice votes. Their appeal is the same as the phonetic advertisement which enjoins the public: "Buy From Your Neighborhood Store."

Either Mr. Curtis or Mr. Robinson will preside over the Senate with sufficient dignity and grace, will furnish pleasant, if not brilliant or pungent conversation at dinner, but whether, if another demonstration of mortality should occur, which Heaven forbid, either of these gentlemen would make a good President of the United States is a speculation upon which I decline to enter. Your guess is as good as mine. It must be remembered that a former Mayor of Northampton, Massachusetts, who was projected into that office became one of the most admired Presidents in history.

Henry Suydam.

GROWTH OF THE SOIL

THERE, little forest with poplars so high,
You'll be a rich man's estate by and by.

There, little rich man's exclusive estate,
You'll be a golf course, as certain as fate.

There, little golf course, I pray you don't
cry,
A swell sub-division you'll be by and by.

There, Gleaming Gables, no longer so
bright,
Now you are ripe for a factory site!

A. L.

ABBREVIATED MAXIM—It's a poor rule that won't work.



"What's that huge structure behind your house?"
"That's our bathroom."



The Moderne Furniture Craze Hits the Pool Parlor

THE THEATRE



Round Two

SINCE our drama is coming in little bunches like celery this season (not *really* very much like celery, when you come to think of it), a couple of newspaper plays here, a group of gunmen plays there, and here again a nest of prize-fight dramas, we ought really to wait until all the plays of one *genre* are in and review them all in a wad. We should have taken up "The Front Page" and "Gentlemen of the Press" together, "Guns" and "Gang War," "Ringside" and "The Big Fight." The only trouble with doing this has been that they have come several weeks apart and we have had to do something in the meantime. We admit the possibility of an argument on that last statement.



"RINGSIDE" got into town quite a bit in advance of "The Big Fight"—so much in advance, in fact, that, as we write, "The Big Fight" isn't even in town yet. So we shall have to take up "Ringside" by itself and announce that it is the best prize-fight show in town. We have a feeling that we are going to give "The Big Fight" a good notice, too. Mr. Dempsey probably has plenty of the old Killer left in him to give him a big advantage over other actors in the matter of notices. We can take care of complaints from actors so long as they are written on Lambs' Club stationery, but one of those short left jabs would be awfully hard to think up a comical come-back to. So, even before we have seen "The Big Fight," we want to compliment Mr. Dempsey (*and* Miss Taylor) and say what a perfectly dandy show we think it is.

It is quite probable that Richard Taber (who plays the pug in "Ringside") could make us see our way clear to a good notice, lightweight though he is, but we would give it to him anyway. If we were ever to contend with Mr. Taber in the ring he could have us blinded with tears at the start simply by looking pathetic. He is about the only appealing fighter we ever saw, although we have seen plenty who could make us cry.

The pathos of Mr. Taber's manner is

accentuated by the smooth villainy of that prince of villains, Mr. Robert Gleckler, late of "Broadway." Mr. Gleckler has introduced a new sinister gesture into the modern theater, simply by putting both hands (with thumbs out) into his coat pockets, tilting his head back and opening his mouth very wide without uttering a word. It may not sound very sinister to read about, but it is getting so that it strikes terror to our heart whenever we see it. Fortunately, it usually means that within a few minutes Mr. Gleckler is going to be shot down like a dog, otherwise we should leave the theater in a panic. In "Ringside," however, the honest presence of John Mehan (in spite of the fact that for a minute we thought it was O. O. McIntyre) is a constant reassurance.

The prize-fight scene in the last act may not be technically perfect. We have no way of knowing about that. But it excited us, and when we heard the radio announcer (who follows the fight, blow by blow, from a loud-speaker over one of the boxes) get all balled up over whether it was a right or a left, we knew Mr. McNamee must be on the job and that it was a real fight after all.



SOMEWHERE between the time when Georg Kaiser thought (in German) of the play which he was to call "Oktobertag" and the time when Herman Bernstein and Adolph Meyer finished its translation as "The Phantom Lover," somebody went out and got about fifty thousand extra words and put them in. Since they are, in English, such words as "tissue of lies" and "cast aside like an old shoe," the net result is pretty tiresome.

It seems that a young lady had a baby and, in casting about for a name for its father, hit upon that of a young officer whose name she had read inside his cap as he knelt beside her in the cathedral. As they had also stood beside each other looking in at a jeweler's window and had sat in the same box at the opera, what was more natural than that she should feel that he really, before God, was the father of her child? The whole thing came as something of a surprise to the

officer, as he had never met the young lady. The few technical details which remained, after these three informal chances of proximity, had been ably handled by the butcher's boy, who was also more or less confused when the young officer, with that gallantry for which the French are famous, decided to acknowledge the paternity himself. Not a bad situation, on paper, but on the stage at the Forty-Ninth Street Theater thrashed into insensibility.

We did stay through the entire performance, however; not that we cared how it came out—we stayed in the hope that Romney Brent would come on again. He did, and didn't they have to go and kill him! But, as it was not until the final curtain, the evening was not entirely wasted.



In the first act of "Caravan," which was billed as "a melodrama of gypsy carnival life," an attempt at realism was made by having a real lamb stew cooking in the pot over an outdoor fire. This was all very well for a while, but soon it got so realistic that the stew began to burn and the rest of the act became more or less obscured in the odor of singed potatoes. We didn't come back for the second act for fear that they might start warming up the actors. As a matter of fact, the whole show was burned shortly afterward.

WHILE "Relations" is not one of our favorite plays in town, it does contain what we feel to be the line farthest South in Jewish dialect, always a great delight to us. An old gentleman is trying to recall the name of a seaside resort at which he stopped on his vacation and is certain only that it began with a "t." Several suggestions are given to him by his hearers, but the necessity of beginning with a "t" confuses them. It is the old gentleman himself who finally remembers that it was "Tetlent City."

Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 24.



SPORTSMEN and SPORTS

Amateurism

THE RESOLUTE efforts of dignified officials to protect the amateur in modern sport should spur Congress to enact laws to protect the dodo, which is also an imaginary bird. The young man seeking a job in Wall Street these days doesn't bring the old-style references or a letter from his pastor. He produces his golf score-cards, and the lower the scores, the higher the salary he wants. And gets. Every up-to-date Wall Street office now has its own golf professionals, but they still call them amateurs, probably for the same reason that the Polo Grounds at New York are called the Polo Grounds. (Informatory

note to a man up a tree: The Polo Grounds are used for everything except polo.)

Tennis is a more accommodating sport. A man doesn't have to go outside his own game to make a good living. The famous

Tilden debate and suspension centered around some such pretty detail as a three-day release date on printed matter concerning a tournament in which the writer was taking part. It didn't come within three Irish



miles of tackling the question of whether or not a man could make a rich living out of a sport and still remain an amateur at that sport.

That was (and still is, for that matter) an odd debate from all angles. At their August meeting, when they suspended Tilden, the tennis officials went into solemn conclave early in the evening and at 2:30 A. M. they announced that the suspension had been voted without a word of disagreement or a gesture of dissent. Perfect harmony—and six hours of it! This must have been what is known as a lengthy agreement.

Later in the exchange of pleasantries between Big Bill and the embattled officials, the player insisted that not only was he a real amateur in fact and spirit, but he could point out certain officials who thought more of gate receipts than amateurism and at least one of his judges who had made tennis a lucrative aid to his private business.

For some strange reason that recalls the ancient tale of the man who was being shown through an insane asylum and whose kindly guide said:

"That's a sad case, there. That poor old chap has a queer delusion. He thinks he's Julius Caesar, which proves he is crazy, of course, because I'm Julius Caesar myself."

Incidentally, we paid part of our debt to Lafayette when the United States Ambassador to France took steps to protect the gate receipts at Auteuil by having Tilden reinstated for the Davis Cup matches. Why didn't the French Ambassador at Washington take the same steps to protect the gate receipts at the national championship at Forest Hills? Little things like that help to cement a beautiful friendship.

Well, don't be disheartened. Things are really getting better in amateur sports. Some years ago there was an amateur runner who refused to put on his running suit until the promoter of the meet gave him \$400 in cold cash. It isn't as bad as that now. An amateur runner's "manager" these days will take a check—if it's certified.

John Kieran.



THE OFFICE GETS WORD THAT THE BOSS MISSED THE BOAT BACK FROM EUROPE



THE SENSE OF TOUCH

JANET: Jack says he can read you like a book.

OLIVE: Yes, and darn him, he wants to use the Braille system.

Why I Am Quitting the Literary Racket

If Theodore Dreiser writes it, "It shows profound pity"; if I write it, "It is sentimental driveline."

If Sherwood Anderson writes it, "It shows remarkable restraint"; if I write it, "It has no feeling."

If Carl Sandburg writes it, "It is free from all the old limitations of rhythm and rhyme"; if I write it, "It shows no knowledge of poetical technique."

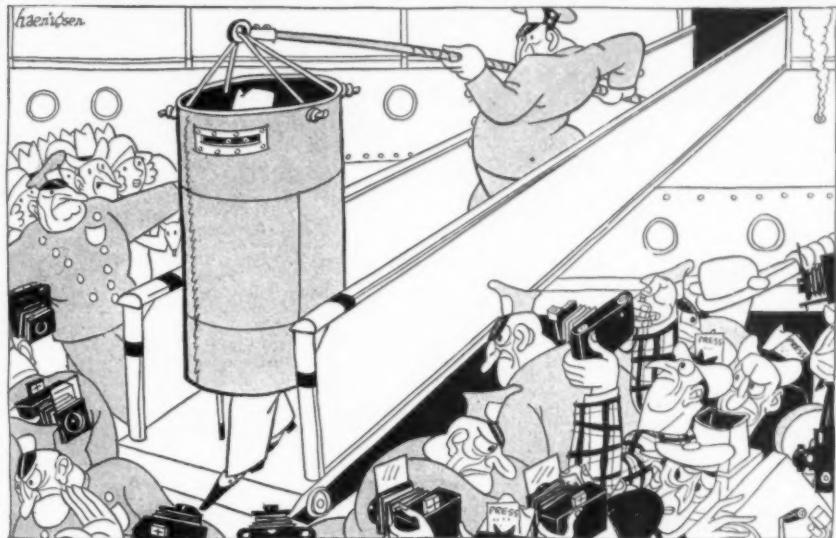
If Ernest Hemingway writes it, "Its style is something new and significant"; if I write it, "It is unpardonably coarse."

If Elinor Wylie writes it, "It is as decorative as Dresden china"; if I write it, "It is mere bric-a-brac."

If Sinclair Lewis writes it, "It is keen, accurate satire"; if I write it, "It is crude burlesque."

If Joe Hergesheimer writes it, "Accept our check with thanks"; if I write it, "We regret," etc., etc.

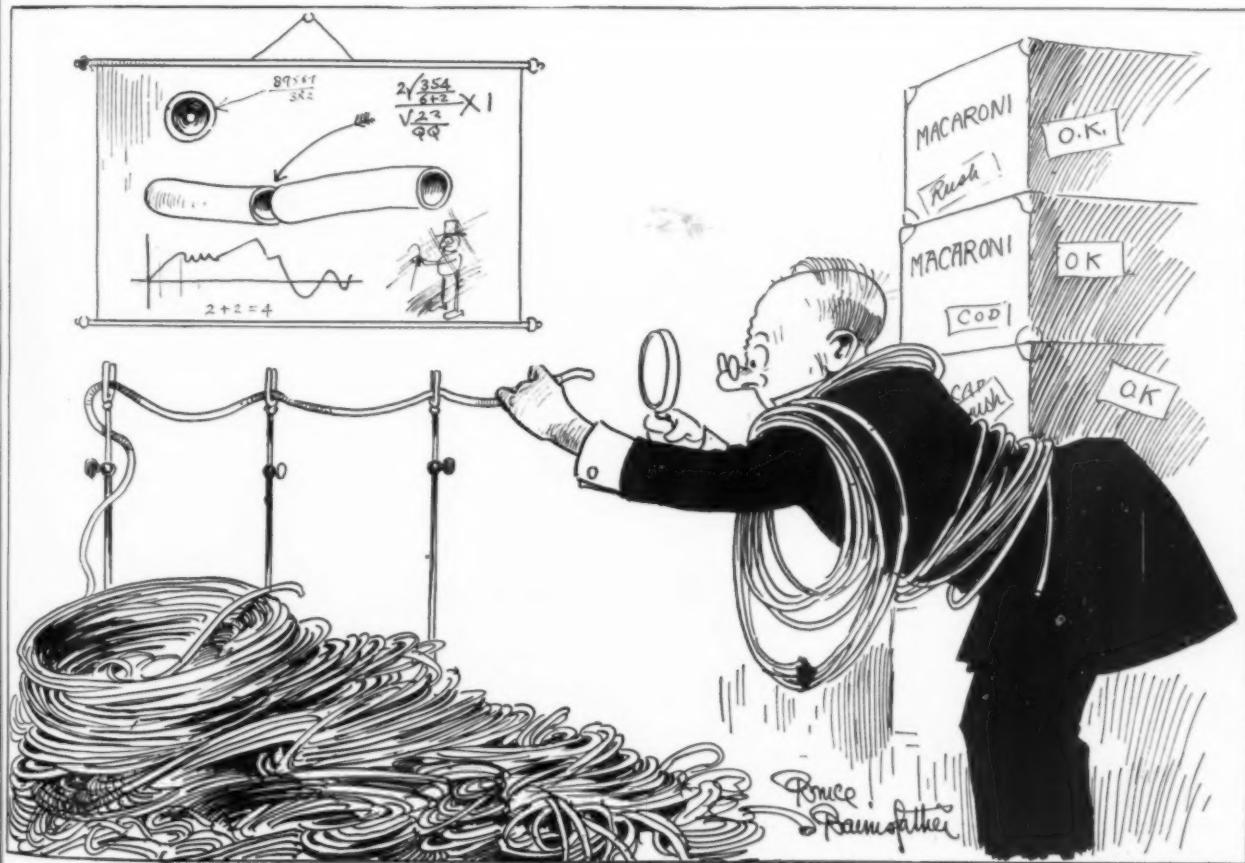
I think I'll become a politician.
A. L. Bass.



SUGGESTED LANDING DEVICE FOR GENE TUNNEY WHEN HE COMES HOME

"Has he managed to keep their marriage a secret?"
"No; she knows it."

TACTLESS DEMOCRATIC PEP-LEADER:
Come on, men, here comes Al Smith.
Give him three cheers and a tiger!



EVERYDAY DEEDS THAT PASS UNSUNG
The Man Who Examines Macaroni to See That All's Clear



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"
 VOLUME 92 September 21, 1928 NUMBER 2394

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
 598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President
 CLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, Editor
 LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary-Treasurer



THE ISSUE of this campaign, says the chairman of the Democratic speakers' bureau, is whether civilization shall advance with Smith or stand still with Hoover. Since Senator Tydings said that on the same day that Al Smith remarked that campaigns are the open season for bunk, it might be supposed that the Senator was only trying to prove that his candidate always told the truth. But the matter has its more serious side. Hitherto it has been well understood that the advance of civilization, like the continuance of prosperity, was the property of the Republican party, protected by copyright. The Democrats have already tried to steal the Republican monopoly of the confidence of business, and now they are trying to break in on the Republicans' exclusive right to advance civilization. There ought to be a law to stop such thievery.

It is an old complaint of political philosophers that there is no real difference between the parties in America; and now that the Democrats have accepted the protective tariff, at least in principle, and made their play for business support, it might seem that there is less difference than ever. That shrewd student of politics, Mr. Clinton Gilbert, lately observed that this year the voters have their choice between two Republican parties, one wet and one dry. But on closer inspection it appears that perhaps there is a greater difference between the parties this year than there is between the candidates; or rather that the difference between the parties is the real measure of the difference between the candidates.

In both the Republican and the Democratic parties, as they have existed of late

years, there was a good deal of junk, both in ideas and in personalities. This year Al Smith has given the Democratic party a general overhauling and has thrown most of the junk overboard. He has had to throw other things overboard with it, including a good many Southern votes. Senator Simmons' defection was quite logical; what it meant to be a Democrat under Bryan is the exact opposite of what it means to be a Democrat under Smith. Nobody doubts that scores of other Southern leaders would go along with Simmons, if they were not restrained by the gnawing hope that maybe next year President Smith will have some post offices to pass around. They stay, but they are not going to have as much to say in the Smith administration, if there ever is one, as they had in the Wilson administration. Under Wilson the South gave us Underwood and Carter Glass and John Sharp Williams; but it also gave us Burleson and Daniels and McAdoo, Claude Kitchin and James Hay. Smith has shifted the Democratic center of gravity northward; and aided by the circumstance of Bryan's death, he has managed to purge the party of the curse of Bryanism that crippled it for thirty years.



IN other words, the Democratic party this year is neither the traditional Democratic party nor an imitation Republican party; it is an Al Smith party. Its body of doctrine is his record; it believes in the things he has done and is likely to keep on doing. A city party mainly, of course; most of its voting strength lies in city workers who are either immigrants from Europe, or the children of immigrants. But a good deal of its intellectual strength lies in city dwellers of another type—men

and women of the intellectual middle class; and most of them are immigrants to the cities from the small towns of the United States. They are going to be valuable to the Smith party, if it does well enough next November to endure; and not least valuable as ambassadors who can make this urban party understood in the small towns. If the South, for instance, ever gets over its distrust of Tammany, the numerous Southern-born Protestants in the Tammany organization will deserve a good deal of the credit.

SMITH, then, has thrown out most of the Democratic party's junk. What has Hoover done to get rid of the junk in the Republican party? To date, nothing. The type of Republican leadership that saw no impropriety in making Warren G. Harding President of the United States has mostly disappeared in the course of Nature; from the purely ethical point of view, Mr. Coolidge leaves his party a good deal more respectable than he found it. Republican junk of the moment is mostly intellectual, or rather anti-intellectual. The party has always been remarkably impervious to ideas, and with good reason; it generally did well enough on one idea at a time. For thirty years after the Civil War it lived on the bloody shirt; in the thirty years since it has needed nothing but the full dinner pail, and, latterly, America First. But unless you believe that Republican victory in presidential elections will automatically continue prosperity forever, it looks as if the country, and the party, may need some ideas before this next administration is over.

Until he was nominated, everybody believed that Hoover not only had ideas, but could ram them down the throat of his party; it seemed probable that he would reconstruct the Republicans as Smith has reconstructed the Democrats. The three months since his nomination have given no support to that hope. Smith has taken charge of his party, but it looks as if his party had taken charge of Hoover. Instead of the great engineer in human values that his friends advertised, we have seen only a Republican politician, sticking his head up cautiously above his collar and talking the language of other Republican politicians.



You can't blame Hoover for being timid till he was nominated; in 1920 he spoke his mind and got nowhere. But now he has got his nomination; all the Repub-

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licans must be for him, whether they like him or not, and evidently he thinks there are enough of them to elect him. Hoover denounces intolerance, and accepts the support of all the organized intolerance in the United States. He talks dry and is advertised as dry in Kansas and Alabama; but in Eastern cities he is recommended as the hope of the modificationists, and at this writing he has rebuked nobody for saying that he talks dry but means wet.

We were told that Hoover was not a politician—he was an engineer, a humanitarian, a far-seeing statesman. Maybe so; but he has said very little so far that might not have been said by Jim Watson.

Al Smith is a politician and he speaks his mind. There is a pretty general opinion that courage and plain-speaking are ruinous to a politician; but Grover Cleveland said what he meant, and he was tolerably successful in politics. So was Theodore Roosevelt, for that matter; there may be some doubt whether his leadership led us anywhere, except to Panama, but at any rate he was always out at the head of the procession, beating the big bass drum. Hoover belongs to the party of Roosevelt; he has acted so far as if he thought of it rather as the party of Harding.

Whether or not courage is a useful quality in a candidate, there are times when it is needed by the President of the United States. No one doubts that Mr. Hoover is noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose, but his election would be a great experiment. Unless he comes out from behind his collar and displays a mind of his own and the courage to speak it, that experiment might be as costly and unsuccessful as some others that America has more or less deliberately undertaken.

Still, a lot of people are saying that you must send Hoover to the White House to keep the Pope out of it.

Elmer Davis.

—Life Lines—

They say that John J. Raskob has made eighty millionaires. If so, that puts him two up on Peggy Joyce.

JL

The marriage of Miss Edna Pettit Johnson and family of Spearfish, Frank McCullum and family of Aberdeen; Frances Umbach and family of Lemmon, and other relatives, including a sister from Belle to Claude Krebs was solemnized Saturday.

—*Northwest Post, Bellefourche, S. Dak.*
"With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

JL

"Much in the way of modification can be accomplished," says a letter to the



"I could use that boy here at home, but he just won't stay put!"

New York *World*, "if opponents of the Act stand shoulder to shoulder." It must be conceded that in the Old Days much in the way of drinking was accomplished thus.

JL

"Disawater Wanted at 303 East Seaside."
—*Ad. in Long Beach (Cal.) Press-Telegram.*

PEOPLE will drink anything nowadays.

JL

A NEWSPAPER headline recently announced that "White Will Appear in Talking Movies."

This did not refer to William Allen White. It referred to George White, the other "Scandals" man.

"As the chairman came down the steps to present the check the orchestra struck up a lively air, and Father Hines ascended to the platform of the stage, amidst the clapping and cheering of the audience. Too overcome for words he spoke very feelingly of the spirit of the parish, their zeal and cooperation and thanked all present members of the parish or those in the village who were present and not members of the parish."

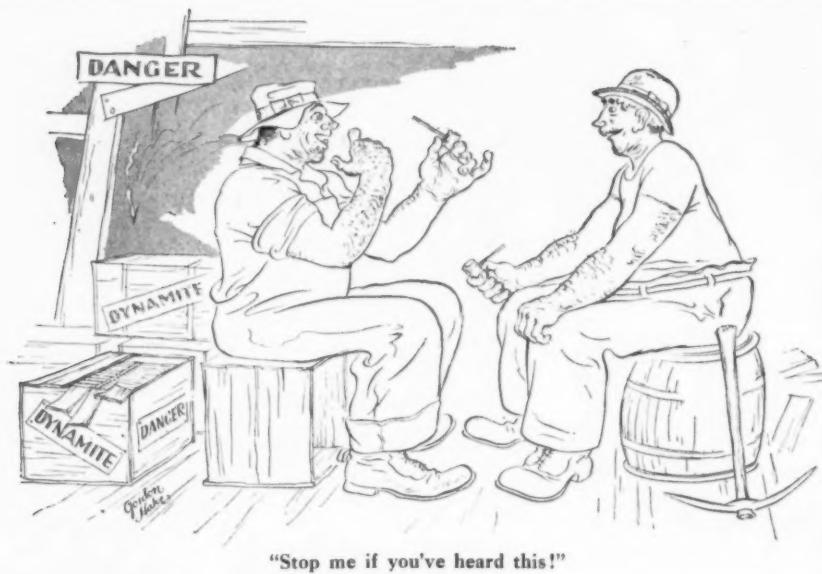
—*Poughkeepsie Evening Star and Enterprise.*

We should hate to encounter the good Father when he was in a really loquacious mood.

JL

"PITTER-LIGHT—The Light that never fails."
—*Advertisement in Punch.*

It never fails, we suppose, to go out.



Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers

For my part, if I had to choose now between taking my ordinary human chance of disappearing from the planet at a normal age, or being given the alternative of living five hundred years longer on earth, with the proviso that I must play golf every afternoon with congenial associates, I should gladly choose the latter.—*William Lyon Phelps*.

When you hear people denounce the censorship of moving pictures, plays and novels, you are safe in assuming that they have no children.—*Robert Quillen*.

Some of the truest and noblest hearts in the world beat under shabby clothes.
—*Dorothy Dix*.

The world over it's just the same. People who live in small towns are small-town people.—*Sinclair Lewis*.

Philosophy is merely thought that has been thought out.—*G. K. Chesterton*.

Bilge goes with politics.
—*H. L. Mencken*.

The meanest wastrel that ever walked the earth has at some time, perhaps always, had a mother to love him.

—*Sir Hall Caine*.

MODERN METHODS

"I HEAR Joe and his girl patched up their differences."

"Yeah, they kissed and made whoopee."

VOTER: Do you think that marriage is a failure?

CANDIDATE: Well, it's hardly a success but it's a noble experiment.

Results

By Petrarch II

WHEN I was young and passional,
With wisdom still to get,
I acted most irrational
About the girls I met.
I wooed with smiles and flattery;
With dignified adoring;
I tried assault and battery
When humble prayers proved boring.
But all I earned was drollery,
And snubs, and petty rages;
They answered my cajolery
With "dated up for ages."

But now I've learned duplicity:
I never plague or bore them,
Turn off my electricity
And placidly ignore them!
The change is scarce believable!
They never hoot or scout me;
And those most unachievable
No more are prone to flout me!
They do not carp and mock away
And scoff at love I'm giving!
They do not laugh a block away!....
They do not know I'm living.

Jerome B. Barry.



"What dat 'Mancipation' mean, Mammy?"

"Dat means all us colored folks kin vote—if we is Democrats."



"FORSAKEN"



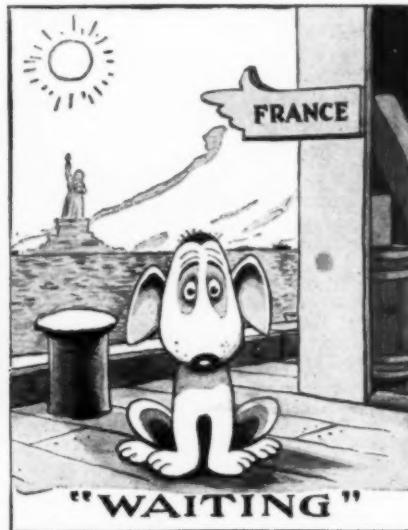
"FORGOTTEN"



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"



"PATIENCE"



"WAITING"



"REDUCED TO RANKS"

Famous Dog Pictures

Progress of Prohibition Enforcement

THE FORMER prosecutor of Ashland County, Ohio, seventy years old, is shot dead in a liquor raid on his home, and two children, innocent bystanders, are hit by machine-gun bullets in a bootleggers' war in up-state New York; eight more armed patrol boats are placed in action in New York Harbor, and Alice Foot MacDougall finds girls use her coffee houses for sobering up; James M. Doran, Commissioner of Prohibition, says the results of the Volstead law have "thus far been wholesome and effective," and Chicago dry agents use dum-dum bullets; homes are padlocked in Minneapolis for dry set violations, and William C. Durant

offers a cash prize for a plan to make Prohibition effective; a girl bootlegger in Oregon is found carrying whiskey in her bloomers, and the Fashion Art League of America designs cocktail dresses to take the place of tea gowns; the Motor Vehicle Commissioner of New Jersey says drunken driving has increased ten-fold, and seven hundred bottles of near-beer are broken when Federal detectives raid the Stone Democratic Club in Brooklyn; Governor Alfred E. Smith says "the saloon has gone forever," and law enforcement agents are charged with owning over one hundred open bars in one Texas county.

W. W. Scott.

THE NEW TAMMANY is a typical modern, ashamed of the old family album.

On an Old Theme

LIVES of stars—Jeritzas, Gerrys—

Prove to us in sheets we've scanned
We, too, could have been the berries
Had we smoked another brand.

T. B.

NOTHING BUT

Fizz: They have no piano, no summer home, no fur coats, no victrola, no washing-machine, no automobiles, no radio—

Fuzz: Gee, they must have money.

"THE TROUBLE with football," complained the player at the bottom of the pile, "is that they make a mountain out of moleskins."

THE RADIO



The McNamee School

BEFORE the opening of the football season and before election night, something should be done about radio announcers. My suggestion is that the stations fire all the ex-tenors, baritones and basses and hire a gang of good reporters without regard to how their voices register. And I also suggest that these reporters work under the direction of a news editor and that they be held as responsible for the accuracy and clarity of their reports as the reporters for the big news services.

Radio announcing is no longer a question of being able to stand before a microphone and say, "The next selection by Jazzbo's Jazzmaniacs will be 'Old Man Sunshine'." For most persons the broadcasting of news events is the most important function of the radio. And these particular broadcasts are the ones that are most conspicuously manhandled.

Suppose, for instance, that you read a newspaper account of a football game like this: "Guffis carries the ball around right end—no, it isn't Guffis, it is Mc-

Feely. Yes, McFeely carries the ball around right end to the twenty-yard line. Wait a minute, McFeely didn't go around right end. Just a minute, now, and I'll tell you what is going on down there. Yes, that's it. It was a forward pass and McFeely—no, it was Guffis—caught the ball on the ten-yard line. Wait a minute. It was an uncompleted forward pass and Tate was penalized fifteen yards for holding.... Believe me, folks, I wish you could see how beautiful the sunset looks from the stadium here. We can see the setting sun beyond the roofs of the Freshman dormitories.... Just a minute.... What's that, Joe?.... Oh—Joe tells me those aren't the Freshman dormitories—that's the Medical School.... Well, Joe, you're the doctor! Ha, ha!.... Oh, wait a minute.... Something's happening.... I think it's a touchdown...."

This sort of thing passes for good reporting on the radio. You may say that a newspaper reporter doesn't have to give a running account of a game; that he has time to sit down, marshal his facts and correct his copy. But as a matter of fact, football and baseball games and prize-fights are telegraphed directly to the office from the grounds. Moreover, the radio announcer has an observer at his side to report the plays for him. And it wouldn't hurt anyone's feelings if he waited a few seconds and got his facts straight, before he mangled the account of a good play.



"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen! I long to hold you in my arms, to caress you, to kiss your eyes, your hair, your lips—to whisper in your ear, 'I love you!'"

"Well, I guess it can be arranged."

Unfortunately, the radio announcer and I am pointing directly at you, Mr. McNamee—is all steamed up on the idea that he must be ingratiating, witty and a devil of a fellow. He thinks of himself as a cross between a movie star and an after-dinner speaker, which is a horrid thing to say. He has, alas, His Public to think about. He sets his personality between his audience and the game and his account is mostly close-ups of himself. And Mr. McNamee is pretty well aware that he is more important than the event he is announcing. No matter how many stalwart stars are out there on the field, dying for dear old Yale, the real All-American hero of the battle is always Graham McNamee.

So Mr. McNamee gets, and deserves, all the blame for the growth of the star system in radio announcing. Moreover, rightly or wrongly, he is made accountable for the sins of his imitators. The chief sin of the McNamee school is the belief that you can turn any blah comment into a witticism simply by laughing at it yourself.

Agnes Smith.



"....an' foidermore, ladies, dey all come from contented oysters."

RECIPROCITY

"Our Canadian neighbors," said Governor Smith, "have gone far to solve this [the Prohibition] problem." Not only for themselves, the Governor might have added, but also, thanks to the efficacy of the rum-running industry, for us.



NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

BOSTON

MUSSOLINI has been appointed Rome special correspondent for the Boston *Sunday Advertiser*.

One of our suburban breweries is doing so well it has installed a sewing machine for putting the needle in beer.

Arnold Horween has left his leather business in Chicago to start in on his pigskin sideline at Harvard. Business in both branches has not been so hot these last few years.

Edith D. Lindsay, our well-known antique expert, bought a bag of roasted chestnuts recently. She pronounced the wormholes genuine.

Autumn is due in Boston on Saturday of this week. No special preparations are being made, as the city swore off greeting celebrities after Amelia Earhart.

Kimball Loring, who has been vacationizing at Nantucket all summer, has returned to his business here for a rest.

Last month your corr. mentioned Porter Adams's trick pipe and Porter sent us a duplicate of it free gratis. We are now trying to think up an item about Gov. Fuller's trick Packard limousine.

It pays to advertise your friends in NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Neal O'Hara.

CHICAGO

B. IDEN PAYNE is here to stage-direct and play-act for Thom Stevens' new season of shows at the Goodman. When interviewed by ye scribe on the timely topic of the "talkies," Ben spoke enthusiastically as follows: "At last they've found a way to keep the director quiet!"

H. N. Swanson, the boy editor of *College Humor* and champion club-joiner, has made a down-payment on a fine unused car. And we're willing to be "taken for a ride" (local slang) without any fear of getting "bumped off" (ditto) any time Swannie says the word.

Young Art Meeker, son of Old (pleasantry) Art Meeker, has been sight-seeing in England, Great Britain. We'll bet Art saw H. R. H. (his royal highness) personally, for when that lad sight-sees he sees sights!

Fred Stock is home from "over there" with a brand-new stock (no pun intended) of band music for his coming Symphony season. Interviewed by ye scribe, Fred said: "I think the time has come when I may safely say that Music is here to stay."

In Lincoln Park Saturday aft. we spied (Mrs.) Mabel G. Reinecke, our charming Col-

lector of Internal Revenue. But we can think up another adjective if Mabel's office doesn't quit pestering us about those 1926 deductions for expense.

Our popular New York boss, Bob Sherwood, cited here for twenty-four hours this week with the idea of getting more work out of us, and, perhaps, incidentally, a not too glaringly favorable write-up for a used play of his called "The Queen's Husband," which was new here at the opera house on Monday night, and which we hope stays longer than Bob.—*Adet.*

Ashton Stevens.

INDIANA

EDITOR Ben Lawrence is back in his accustomed chair at the *Star* office, after an extended tour of Europe, and reports that he did not see an intoxicated person during all his travels.

It is said by those in a position to know that Elias S. Shumaker, Supt. of Hoosier Anti-Saloon League, will come out flatfootedly for Hoover.

It would be interesting to know how many of the thousands of transcontinental tourists who pass through Indiana o'er the Old National Road are aware that a slight detour would take them to Crawfordsville, the home of James Byron Elmore, the author of "The Monon Wreck."

Many Hoosiers who used to enjoy dropping in the cinema theaters before the advent of stage bands and guttural movies now go out to the cemetery.

Senator James E. Watson, of Rushville, who voted for the McNary-Haugen bill, equalization fee and all, is reported hereabouts may attend the State Fair.

Dink Botts laid a bottle of the clearest home brew on our desk that we've seen yet. He lets his set five days before syphoning it, he explained in a note.

Editor Boyd Gurley, of the *Times*, is not a wing shot. The medal he wears is this year's Pulitzer Journalism prize.

Jake Bentley has sold his farm so he won't have to vote this fall.

Mr. George Ade, of Hazelden Farm, is advertising for good, steady single men to cut corn and no questions asked.

Our thanks are due Mr. Maurice Judd, Washington correspondent of the *New York Sun*, for a splendid photograph of himself standing within five feet of Herbert Hoover and his wife, on the verandah of the latter's home at Palo Alto.

Just give me a dozen shirts like Roy W. Howard, of the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, wears, and I won't care who writes the nation's songs, or wet and dry planks.

Kin Hubbard
(Abe Martin).

NEW YORK

News are certainly abundant in N. Y. right now.

Arthur Davison Ficke the well known poet has bo't a farm up near Chatham, N. Y.

Percy Waxman of Scarsdale lives in a stucco house, which is how all our doors are what with the wet summer.

Bobbed hair is going out of style which is in accordance with the J. P. McEvoy coiffure.

Howard Savage is still on his honeymoon at this writing. Howard used to be commander of the American Legion. His bride is the former Miss Van Oss of Chicago.

Louis Bromfield's new book is about Italy and Iowa. Louis is a Mansfield, O., boy. Mansfield is near Crestline where Earl Babst the sugar king was born.

At Ann Arbor last June most of the graduates were divided between the law and business as their future jobs, but 7 seniors said they were going to take up the profession of distinguishing cigarettes blindfolded.

Herbert Hoover will be in town next month to speak, and we feel ambitious to hear him now, but when the time comes we will probably be glad to give away our ticket. When it comes to actually hearing a speech we always quail.

It seems to us that there are a good many writers in this country who must have the same nightmare, viz., that they are starving to death because Rob Benchley, Don Stewart, and Ring Lardner all perished in a train wreck. "They wouldn't starve," said somebody, "as long as they could buy the published works of Messrs. Benchley, Stewart, and Lardner." "Amen!" said ye scribe.

F. P. A.

CLEVELAND

Many of our fellow-townsmen and townsladies are returning from their vacations at well-known watering places, as the saying goes, and you would hardly know some of them on a/c of the tan.

Our constables have raided so many "speak-easies" and "blind tigers" in search of the "Demon Rum" during the last few weeks that prominent clubmen scarcely know which

way to turn. Efficiency is one thing, say we, but over-zealousness is another, and moderation is best in all things.

Well, your scribe's favorite candidate for gubernatorial honors (Mr. Peter Witt) lost the nomination, but his friends are still pointing with pride to the fact that he got 15 votes to his opponent's 1 in his own home county. Better luck next time, "Pete!"

Our Automobile Club is trying to get the state "Solons" to pass a law fixing it so that people driving automobiles will have to have a driver's license like they do in other states. It is thought that many accidents could be avoided if those driving cars knew how to drive them.

Society and sportsmen as well as all lovers of "man's noblest friend" (the horse) in our city and suburbs are still talking enthusiastically of the great polo tournament that finished in such a blaze of glory on Sept. 1, inst. For two weeks the village of Gates Mill has been the "mecca" of polo players. It seems it is a kind of horseback shinny.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hanna, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Windsor T. White, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Perkins, were among those giving parties for the polo boys. There were also some "stag" parties, but your scribe could not obtain any details of the same.

Ted Robinson.

HOUSTON

J. W. Neal and Mrs. Neal have established a \$100,000 fund the interest on which is to be used for giving medical treatment to children who need it. Houston needs more such citizens say we.

Houston's physicians are doing a land office business writing hay-fever prescriptions between sneezes. W. C. Cooper says his wife has sneezed all her features loose, but ye scribe saw her recently and she is as charming as ever. W. C. must have been joking.

Mr. Safford of the Missouri Pacific and G. A. Mistrot and Colonel Hoover and one or

two others went to Dallas recently. When ye scribe asked John Hoover why he went he said for the same reason he went to France—because his expenses were paid. Some people would go to Chicago if they could go for nothing.

Frank Sterling who built a summer home out beyond Kerrville on the Guadalupe is summering with his family in California.

Forrest Lee Andrews is golfing at Estes Park, Colorado, where his mother has joined him to accompany him home for the opening of Rice Institute. He says there is no place like home. He says that because Houston is the only place he ever made a hole in one.

James Malcolm Stewart, of Katy, is getting ready to go away to Vanderbilt with the intention of becoming a lawyer. Up to the present, however, he is one of the most truthful young men ye scribe knows.

Judd Mortimer Lewis.

DENVER

MR. J. STOCKBRIDGE BARROWS and Mr. Robert G. Packard, Phys. & Surg., will debate in the Knights of Pythias Hall on "Resolved: That I Caught the Last Fish Ever Seen in Bear Creek," both sides taking the affirmative.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS, in a copyrighted story tomorrow, will print the reply of Manager of Parks and Improvements C. D. Vail to charges by the Parent-Teacher Association that the reindeer in Denver's Mountain Parks are suffering from lack of ice. "The reindeer," Mr. Vail will say in part, "are simply molting and I will have them in dandy shape by Christmas."

Two locals, Alfred D. Runyon and Robert B. Mantle, are holding down big writing jobs in the East. Good work, Alfred and Robert.

Mr. Theron Field, popularly known as "Cy," is the proud purchaser of the limp-leather "Lives and Messages of the Presidents" in thirty-seven volumes, two of which will go over the mantel with the O. Henry set.

Not to be outdone by Mr. Field, Dean James Grafton Rogers of the Law School is nego-

tiating for an authentic watch fob owned by Chester Alan Arthur, formerly of the Springs. "Watch" out for fakes, Dean.

Arapahoe Street is being torn up.

Thirty Years Ago Today—The Ute war is over. Arapahoe Street is being torn up. Mr. Theron Field has just purchased "The Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant."

While vacationing recently ye ed. spent an enjoyable afternoon figuring out that in 1540 his birthday would have come on Wednesday.

T. H. Ferril.

DETROIT

"I HAVE driven the smile off Gov. Green's face," says George Welsh, who is running for governor himself. And that's quite a good way to drive it, too, eh, George?

The oil and other refuse in the water at Belle Isle beach are no longer annoying bathers, we are credibly informed.

Supt. of Schools Frank Cody reports the enrollment of scholars is greater than ever before, it having been necessary to hire a number of new professors in the seventh and eighth grades.

For an entire week there has been no criticism of the size of Belle Isle beach and its limited accommodations and its damp bathing suits, we learn from a reliable source.

The writer recently made a week's tour of the big Eastern cities via the motor route and saw many far-famed points of interest, but after all there is only one city where life is worth living, and the initials of that are Little Old Detroit.

Seventeen new churches costing more than \$3,000,000 will open in the vicinity of Detroit golf links this fall.

The Belle Isle bathing beach has been closed for the year.

Elmer C. Adams.

The Observation Ward

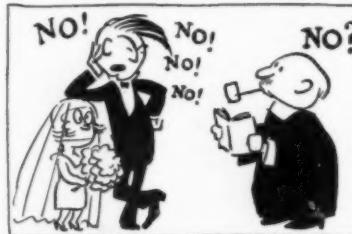
—Department of Rumpled Mentality—



CHINA is bounded on the north by bad weather, on the east by wet salt and on the north by a dirty ditch. (See cut.) The climate is unlike that of Panama during an



ice jam in the Canal. (See cut.) Democrats in China are identified by their having molars in front and incisors at the sides, due to the practice of sitting sideways at the table. (See cut.) Chinese blondes are re-



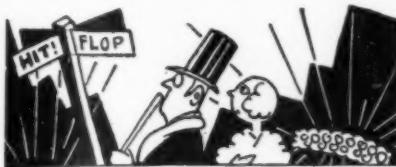
garded with quite some awe, characteristically expressed in the local idiom, "Awe, rot!" (No cut.) At other times the municipal water



supply is as good as can be expected under the peculiar conditions, everything considered, in view of the circumstances. (See cut.) The delicatessen racket in the western provinces has practically gone to pot, due to the activities of the bandit "White Wolf," which is Chinese for gefüllte fish. (Cut) It is now just nine o'clock, Eastern Darkness Delaying Time, if any. (No cut.)



THE MOVIES



"The Air Circus"

THERE is no particular plot in "The Air Circus"; there is no excessive heroism, no villainy of any kind and no sizzling sex interest. Next to "The High School Hero," this is just about the most unmovielish movie I have ever seen.

"The Air Circus" is recommended highly. Its directors, Howard Hawks and Lew Seiler, have had the good sense to make it consistently truthful and uncomplicated, and they have had the ability to make it entertaining. The simple story that they tell is of two air-struck youths who go to an aviation school and learn to fly. I know nothing about the technical aspect of their various experiences in the air, but I do know that both of the boys seemed to be real and that their emotions seemed perfectly normal.

There are some talking sequences in "The Air Circus," played with commend-

able ease by a group of talented young people, none of whom was rendered self-conscious or inarticulate by the presence of the Movietone recording apparatus. Unfortunately, the Movietone failed in its attempt to reproduce sobs; each sob sounds like a load of coal sliding into a cellar, and the sympathetic spectator is therefore moved to mirth at a time when he should be sobbing himself.

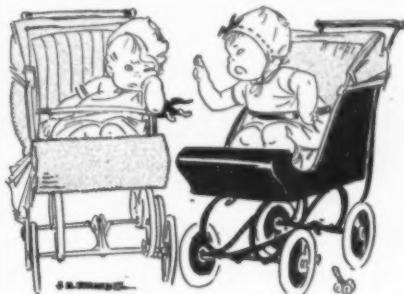
Much of the natural and unstudied charm of "The Air Circus" is attributable to the fact that its leading players, Arthur Lake and David Rollins, don't look or act like movie actors.

I WISH there were more pictures like "The Air Circus" and "The High School Hero." I can't understand why the movie magnates spend so much money trying to get fresh air into their theaters when that is the element most lacking in their films.

"The Cardboard Lover"

It is always dangerous to indulge in superlatives. A critic shouldn't say, "This is the most extraordinary, colossal and stupendous epic of all time," because someone might inquire, "How do you know it is?" and there would be the critic, stuck for an answer.

Nevertheless, I am about to risk all on the reckless announcement that, in "The



"I had a tough time of it yesterday; my mother left me alone for hours."

"Say, you don't know what trouble is! My mother was entertaining a girl-friend who understands children."

Cardboard Lover," Marion Davies gives the worst performance in the history of the screen.

She is adequately supported by Nils Asther, who establishes a new record by wearing no less than two key chains with the trousers of his full dress suit.

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments, a guide to current movies, will be found on page 24.)

The New Phrase

"THERE seems to be a great deal of interest in Commander Byrd's South Polar expedition."

"Yes—the country is certainly becoming air-minded."

"And they say that when he gets there, he will be constantly in touch with civilization."

"Yes—that's because the world is now radio-minded."

"It looks like an exciting political campaign, doesn't it?"

"Yes—the West is Hoover-minded, and the East is Smith-minded."

"But I suppose that as usual there'll be a lot of people who won't vote at all."

"Yes—the public is growing more and more golf-minded."

"Well, how about going to see a musical show tonight?"

"Certainly—I'm broad-minded."

B. F. S.

"BOTH nominees are agreed," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "that the Eighteenth Amendment has brought in its train abuses which it will behoove the next Administration to recognize."

Both nominees are not agreed, however, that the next Administration will be Hoover.



ITINERANT PHOTOGRAPHER: Wouldn't you like to have your picture taken, little girl?
LITTLE GIRL: What paper are ya from?

"You'd Adore Her If You Really Knew Her"

SHE: I can't understand why you don't like her. She's really terribly brilliant and awfully amusing.

HE: Is she? Somehow I've never gotten along with her.

SHE: Well, you ought to get to know her, because I know you'd adore her if you really knew her. She's really an awfully sweet girl.

HE: Well, she must be if you like her so much.

SHE: She honestly is, my dear. I mean I admire her terribly because she's got an awfully good mind.

HE: Well, I've heard other people say

so, too. I've probably been mistaken about her. I'll take your advice and try to know her better.

SHE (enthusiastically): Will you honestly? I *wish you would*, because she's just the type that would int'rest you tremendously because she's so bright and all!

HE: Yes, I certainly will. I've evidently got her all wrong.

SHE: Of course she's peculiar, sort of. I mean you mustn't mind the unconventional sort of things she *says* and *does* sometimes.

HE: I don't think they'd scare me off.

SHE: No, I don't think they would, either, but of course loads of people don't understand her, sort of, and get the wrong impression about her, do you know what I mean?

HE: Oh, of course; that's quite natural but I don't think I would.

SHE: No, I don't think you *would*, because you're broadminded and everything but I know *heaps* of people who *abominate* her because she *says* such *awful* things sometimes and *does* the *wildest* sort of things, do you know what I mean?

HE: Really? Well, I don't suppose she really means any harm by it, does she?

SHE: Oh, heavens no, my dear! Of



"May I ask, sir, would a stick be proper on a visit to a flying field?"

course not, only it's just that she makes herself so darned conspicuous that people hate to be *with* her because she embarrasses them to *death* by these perfectly frightful things she's always *doing* and saying all the time.

HE: I don't wonder.

SHE: But I don't mean anything *against* her, my dear, only I just wanted to *warn* you not to be surprised by anything she *does* because she really doesn't mean a *thing* by it, my dear. I mean it's just her way and I *hope* you'll get to *know* her because she hasn't hardly any friends on account of being so peculiar and all, do you know what I mean?

Lloyd Mayer.



"You men are all alike—I knew you'd want to call him Junior."

NATURE LESSON

BABY, take a look and see
What we adults call a "tree."

Had enough? Now listen, dear:
There's a moral lesson here.

See the branches, leaves, and so on?
That's what money doesn't grow on.

Norman R. Jaffray.

SHE WON'T SAY "NO"

POLITICIAN'S DAUGHTER: I hope Jim doesn't propose tonight.

HER MOTHER: Why?

POLITICIAN'S DAUGHTER: My acceptance speech isn't quite finished yet.

"THE PHILIPS are celebrating their golden wedding anniversary."

"What!"

"Yes. You see, they have each been married fifty times."

MEN
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NO MORE BOTHERSOME KEYS
One secret combination opens every
Sesamee-equipped article you own.



MEN'S LUGGAGE of all types, developed in the newest shapes and leathers is conveniently equipped with the safe Sesamee lock. Priced from \$15 to \$200.

SECURITY BOXES may now be purchased with a really secure lock—the Sesamee lock which you set at your own secret combination. Retailing at about \$5, \$6 and \$7 each, in various colors.

LADIES' CASES in modern designs and smart leathers are equipped with the secure Sesamee keyless lock. Available at popular prices. From \$26 up to \$2,200.

EFFICIENCY CASES. The most modern accessory for business men. In appearance similar to an English attaché case, when opened it reveals spacious pockets for private papers. Dust proof, and protected by the Sesamee lock. At \$30 to \$42.50.

HAT BOXES for men and women in up-to-date designs equipped with Sesamee Locks. An ensemble of matching pieces may be opened with the same combination. Also on the popular new Migrator.

CAMERA CASES. The Sesamee lock has been adopted by Bell & Howell for their Filmo motion picture camera cases. Lock may be purchased separately at camera retailers' to replace old-fashioned lock, \$3.

SESAMEE

**THE MODERN LOCK
THAT NEEDS NO KEY**



The Sesamee Keyless Lock opens instantly when you flick the small wheels to your own secret combination.

CAREFREE people value the comfort of key-free travel. For such wise travelers each piece of this smart new luggage is equipped with Sesamee—the modern lock that needs no key. A Sesamee Lock opens—only to the owner—with a flick of a finger when you turn the three small wheels to your own secret combination which you select and set yourself—street address, telephone number—and (a hint worth taking) one combination can open every Sesamee-equipped article you own. Opened as easily in the dark.

Modern luggage equipped with Sesamee is sold at leading luggage, sporting goods, men's furnishing and department stores. Or we will gladly tell you where to purchase these or other Sesamee-equipped articles. Sesamee Keyless Locks have been adopted by leading manufacturers and are procurable on trunks, padlocks, office equipment, automobiles, etc. Mail the coupon below for complete list and full descriptions.

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CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

The Theatre

More or Less Serious

Caravan, Klaw—Reviewed slightly in this issue.
Diamond Lil, Royale—Hokum melodrama of New York in the 'nineties, taken seriously enough by Mae West to give it a certain whimsicality.

Gang War, Morosco—Assorted shootings and killings incident to life in and around Chicago.

Goin' Home, Hudson—An uneven but at times highly effective drama dealing with the problem of the Negro soldier who married a French wife.

The Great Power, Riis—To be reviewed later.

Guns, Wallack's—Quite loud.

The Ladder, Cort—Come on, now—let's all get together and make this an even two million dollars loss!

Machinal, Plymouth—To be reviewed next week.

Strange Interlude, John Golden—Eugene O'Neill's *magnum opus*—a bit too *magnum*, perhaps, but unquestionably an *opus*.

The Trial of Mary Dugan, Century—Another week at this house and then probably somewhere else. It seems to be a fixture.

The War Song, Sam H. Harris—With George Jessel. To be reviewed later.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Bachelor Father, Belasco—Something pleasing on the subject of what to do with your illegitimate kiddies. June Walker, C. Aubrey Smith and Geoffrey Kerr are in it.

The Big Fight, Majestic—With Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor. To be reviewed later.

The Big Pond, Bijou—A nice enough comedy built on an even better idea. Kenneth MacKenna as the Frenchman who turns go-getter.

Elmer Gantry, Playhouse—Couldn't be much worse.

Eva the Fifth, Little—A slight but continuously diverting story of life in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe, with Claiborne Foster as the jealous *Eva*.

The Front Page, Times Square—Newspaper men in a riot of comedy melodrama intermingled with choice obscenities. Something to be seen.

Gentlemen of the Press, Henry Miller's—A true little play about newspapermen without much excitement but with a great deal of good stuff.

Heavy Traffic, Empire—With Mary Boland, A. E. Matthews and Reginald Mason. To be reviewed next week.

He Understood Women, Belmont—This shouldn't be running now. If it is, just ignore it.

The High Road, Fulton—With Edna Best, Frederick Kerr, Herbert Marshall and others. To be reviewed later.

The Money Lender, Ambassador—All right in its way, but hardly a sensation.

Night Hostess, Martin Beck—To be reviewed later.

The Phantom Lover, Forty-Ninth St.—Reviewed in this issue.

Relations, Masque—Reviewed in this issue.

Ringside, Broadhurst—Reviewed in this issue.

The Royal Family, Selwyn—We have seen no reason yet for taking the light-comedy dialogue away from this.

Skidding, Bayes—If this can run as long as it has, almost any mildly adequate play ought to succeed.

The Song Writer, Forty-Eighth St.—There is a large public for this sort of sentimental comedy, and to that public we recommend it without sneering.

So This Is Marriage, Maxine Elliott's—With Violet Heming. To be reviewed later.

Volpone, Guild—Renaissance farce which got a very fortunate break by being produced by the Theater Guild.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blackbirds of 1928, Liberty—The new shows will have to be awfully good to top some of the work done in this colored revue.

A Connecticut Yankee, Vanderbilt—Last season's Fields-Rodgers-Hart success which is still a contender with newcomers—and why not?

Cross My Heart, Knickerbocker—With Lulu McConnell and others. To be reviewed later.

Get Hot! Casino—To be reviewed later.

Good Boy, Hammerstein's—With Eddie Buzzell. To be reviewed next week.

Good News, Forty-Sixth St.—You must have seen this by now.

Grand Street Follies, Booth—Swell imitations of Broadway stars which are worth taking an evening to see.

The New Moon, Imperial—To be reviewed later.

Rain or Shine, Cohan—With that Prince of Entertainers, Joe Cook, and another good one, too—Tom Howard.

Rosalie, New Amsterdam—An elaborate production starring Marilyn Miller and giving Jack Donahue plenty of chance to be very funny.

Scandals of 1928, Apollo—One of those big George White shows furnishing a good evening, what with Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, and Tom Patricola.

Show Boat, Ziegfeld—One of the shows everyone has to see once. Charles Winniger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, Edna May Oliver and Norma Terris.

The Three Musketeers, Lyric—Rousing romantic singing, led by Dennis King. Comedy by Lester Allen.

Vanities of 1928, Earl Carroll—Some pretty dirty stuff but also a lot of very comical stuff from W. C. Fields and Joe Frisco.

White Lilacs, Shubert—To be reviewed later.

Robert Benchley.

The Movies

Recent Developments

The Patriot, Paramount—A tremendous drama of Russia in the eighteenth century, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and played by Emil Jannings, Lewis Stone and Florence Vidor. See this at the earliest opportunity; you'll want to see it again.

The Terror, Warner Bros.—Edward Everett Horton, Louise Fazenda and others in a spook melodrama, with every scream reproduced on the Vita-phone.

Four Walls, Metro-Goldwyn—The fairly interesting story of a crook's redemption, with fine work (in spots) by John Gilbert.

The Scarlet Lady, Columbia—I suppose no picture can be entirely bad, but this one does its best.

The Butter and Egg Man, First National—The not particularly diverting adventures of a sap and his money in show business.

The Mysterious Lady, Metro-Goldwyn—Will the cad who wrote an anonymous letter stating that Greta Garbo is dumb but not beautiful come to this office any afternoon after 3, bringing not more than six of his friends with him?

Lilac Time, First National—Colleen Moore is not my favorite star, nor is this my favorite picture of the Great War.

Forgotten Faces, Paramount—Clive Brook and Bacalanova are splendid as a crook and his wife who battle through the years.

The Perfect Crime, F. B. I.—This would be better if the sound synchronization fitted.

White Shadows in the South Seas, Metro-Goldwyn—Some scenes that are as true and as beautiful as "Moana," and some less honest melodrama.

Lights of New York, Warner Bros.—Worth seeing as the first 100%, all-talking picture in the South.

Wheel of Chance, First National—A thoroughly creditable effort by Richard Barthelmess and Alfred Santell.

Telling the World, Metro-Goldwyn—As I remember, this is the one in which William Haines appeared as a fresh newspaperman. If so, it's very entertaining.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, Universal—Now equipped with a sound accompaniment which records the crackling of the ice.

The Man Who Laughs, Universal; The Racket, Paramount; The End of St. Petersburg, Hammerstein; Wings, Paramount; Tempest, United Artists, and Sunrise, Fox—These are all excellent.

The Air Circus, Fox, and The Cardboard Lover, Metro-Goldwyn—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

Fact

Frobisher, by William McFee. *Harper's*—In which that old sea dog, Sir Martin Frobisher, fares very well at the hands of his painstaking and sympathetic biographer. Recommended.

Long Lance, by Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance. *Cosmopolitan*—Not an autobiography (though it might well be) but the story of the last stand of the Blackfeet simply told by a remarkable writer who happens to be an Indian himself.

The Perfect Ship, by Weston Martyr. *Washburn*—Written with the rich, full flavor of "Two Years Before the Mast," this is a book to make able seamen out of farmers—or rocking-chair yachtsmen. Personally, we think it just about the best book of the year, but, having had our feet wet when the lee rail went under, we are probably prejudiced.

Fiction

The Silk Stocking Murders, by Anthony Berkeley. *Doubleday, Doran*—A detective story of the good old-fashioned variety which gives the reader an even break and ends properly.

The Top Kick, by Leonard H. Nason. *Doubleday, Doran*—Three long war stories make up a book which those who enjoy war stories would do well to look into.

The Swinging Shutter, by C. Fraser-Simson. *Dutton*—Being forced to read mystery stories, we have developed a truly remarkable perception, which, for want of a better name, we will call a Nose for Clues. Cursed with this power, we could not help noticing that the green-faced nurse on the dust cover of this book was carrying a candle in her left hand, but the shadow of her right hand on the wall behind was a *left-handed shadow!* "This is awful!" we thought, and, do you know, when we read the book, it was!

Tammany Boy, by Dermot Cavanagh. *Sears*—A thin tale which needs the happy coincidence of a Tammany candidate for the Presidency to carry it over.

Storming Heaven, by Ralph Fox. *Harcourt-Brace*—Travelogue of a wanderer in the New Russia. Being fiction (and excellent fiction) "Storming Heaven" can stick closer to the facts.

Day of Fortune, by Norman Matson. *Century*—Dull at both ends, it has a center of pure gold. Remarkable for its portrayal of childhood.

How to Get Rid of a Woman, by Edward Anthony. *Bobbs-Merrill*—Mr. Anthony fancies himself as a bit of a humorist, and he is—a bit.

Diversey, by MacKinlay Kantor. *Coward-McCann*—This half-told tale of Chicago is a worthy clip for your mental machine-gun.

A Little Clown Lost, by Barry Benefield. *Century*—Just the sort of sad, sweet thing you'd expect. The orchestra will now play "Broken-hearted."

Show Girl, by J. P. McEvoy. *Simon & Schuster*—This thing is getting to be almost too popular. Maybe you'd better read it.

Twopence Coloured, by Patrick Hamilton. *Little, Brown*—An excellent novel of English stage life with some shrewd observations and an annoying literary trick for good measure. Yes, by all means.

Perry Githens.

Song and Dance

Sheet Music

Anita—Waltz ballad by Lew Pollack, whose other girls, "Diana" and "Charmaine," enjoyed such popular vogue. That "Anita" reminds of the classic "Angel's Serenade" will not count against the gross royalties in the final analysis.

Who Wouldn't Be Blue?—The tune always was a good one and for all the ungrammatical lyric phrasing—"If nobody ever put their arms around you, who wouldn't be blue?"—it's a "money song," in the argot of the Alley.

Then Came the Dawn—It was inevitable that the songsmiths should immortalize this tried-and-true movie caption in lyric form, and a good ballad job it is, too.

There Ought to Be a Law Against That!—Replete with "steen choruses on sundry topical disturbances.

When You Said "Good Night" Did You Really Mean "Goodbye"?—One of Walter Donaldson's newest ballads and very worth-while. It's an axiom of the Alley that Donaldson "can't write a bad one," being possessed of a natural rhythmic gift that quickly forces his tunes into the public consciousness.

Moonlight Madness—You've heard this one round on the dance floors. For the home piano, you must decide for yourself from this Glynnish lyric portion:

"I heard the passion call, I gave my soul my all
Moonlight Madness, then you were gone!"

Records

Jeannine and Then Came the Dawn—Victor's best-selling popular song tenor, Gene Austin, is at his topmost best with this sentimental ballad couplet. Austin is the artist who broke a record with over a million Victor records of "My Blue Heaven," winning a \$21,000 yacht for himself from the authors.

My Angel and Just Like a Melody Out of the Sky—For a demonstration of how much like a full orchestra an organ can sound, Lew White's solos on Brunswick 3956 are recommended. White, who is also the Roxy Theater organist, has been able to record high and low registers never before caught on the wax.

Serenade and That Futuristic Rag—Rube Bloom, futuristic jazz composer, whips the keys "mean" in a pair of original piano solos (Okeh 41073).

Old Man Sunshine and King for a Day—One of George Olsen's best fox-trot and waltz couplets, designed for heavy sales. The maestro personally essays the vocal refrain in the waltz, and Fran Frey of the memorable Olsen trio dittoes in "Old Man Sunshine" (Victor 21566).

Cheerio! and One Step to Heaven—The parenthetical Walker billing on the Radiolites' recordings (Columbia 1468) of these fox-trots refers to none other than Mayor James J. Walker of New York, who collaborated with Jesse Greer of Tin Pan Alley on "Cheerio!" This and the companion piece, also by Greer sans Hizzoner, are sturdy survivors of the flop musical comedy, "Say When."

Pale Moon and To a Wild Rose—Sascha Jacobsen's violin solos of this popular couplet include Fritz Kreisler's transcription of Frederick Knight Logan's "Pale Moon" and Hartmann's arrangement of the MacDowell composition, both excellently interpreted on Columbia 152.

Abel Green.

NEWSPAPERMAN STUFF

A FEATURE writer for the Hearst outfit was fired, though he asserted he held an unexpired contract. "I'll sue and get plenty!" he bragged.

"Well," gagged his listener, "you know what they say about suing Hearst. You can sue him, but you'll have to stand in line!"

—New York Graphic.

Dinner
Ahoy!



SHIPMATES COCKTAIL

Usually served on dry land. Like "shore leave" to parched throats. You don't care how long you wait for dinner. It is easy, simple—Add four tablespoons of Martini & Rossi Vermouth to each full glass of orange juice, and a dash of Amargo Bitters to the whole. Ice. Cherry. Serve.

Write for
Cocktail Recipes
and bridge score pad.
Both entertaining.

W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
901 Pine St., New York, N.Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI

NON ALCOHOLIC

Vermouth



New Faces for Old . . . while you wait!

all the effect of a wonderfully refreshing barber's massage in 10 seconds—and you do it yourself.



DON'T go around with a tired, haggard look on your face, as tho you were up all night or just staggered thru one of those harrowing off days at the office. No matter how tired your face looks—here's a simple, easy way to pep right up, feel bright, alert, gloriously alive—and look it. The thing to do is this. After your shave just pat on a few drops of Fougere Royale After Shaving Lotion. Takes 10 seconds to do—and the effect is marvelous. Makes you actually feel like a new person. Some men keep a bottle in the office to freshen up—kill fatigue. First you get a zippy, tingling sensation that wakes up the pores like an expert

barber's massage—that stimulates circulation—brings up good red color to the surface skin that washes away fatigue poisons. Supporting muscle tissue is toned up. Pouchy fat tightens. Your face gets that keen, youthful, athletic look. Styptic, too—heals cuts, etc.

If you want to make shaving a real luxury—a ritual of morning joy—shave with the new Fougere Royale Shaving Cream. Here's one that not only offers a perfect cutting lather but can't possibly irritate the tenderest skin. Because it's scientifically balanced—non-caustic.

Try these two. They're wonderful. Both are mildly perfumed with Fougere Royale (Royal Fern), wholesome outdoor man's fragrance. At druggists everywhere, or generous samples for the coupon below.

Fougere Royale
Pronounced Fou-Zhaire Royal
After-Shaving Lotion

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Facial Soap, 50c
Eau Vegetale, \$1.25
Shaving Stick, 75c
Talcum, 50c

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. L9
539 West 45th Street, New York City

You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

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Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



"When you left home this morning I'll bet you little thought that before the day was out you'd be perched here with a man you'd never seen before!"

"What do you take me for, boy? Do you think I came here to play trains?"

—LONDON CALLING.

ALL SOFT AND NO DISTANCE

Two members of the firm were discussing the case of a young man who, taken on through influence and boosted as a boy wonder, had fizzled miserably. "The trouble with him," said one of them, "was that they teed him up too high." —New York Sun.

HIS WEAKNESS NOW

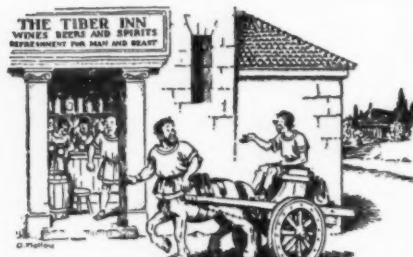
"ALCY says Eloise is different from other girls."

"Yes, she likes him."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TEACHER: What are people called who are always trying to point out other people's defects?

WILLIE: Teachers.—Karikaturen (Oslo).



AFFABLE PASSENGER: I think I'll stop here for some refreshment. Er—what will you take—a bottle of beer or a bundle of hay?

—HUMORIST (LONDON).

THE FOLLOW THROUGH

THE CRIMSON sun was sinking low

As on the golf course stood the dub.

He couldn't hit the ball, but, oh,

How far that man could throw a club!

—Golfing.

CREATIVE ART

THAT old one about the tot who tried to draw a dog but put a tail on it and let it go as a dog must have been a true story. We were called into the nursery this morning to see Doris's latest art world supplement.

"This was supposed to be a picture of you," she informed us, nibbling her crayon critically. "But I guess you'll think it is two black mice."

—Chicago Evening Post.

A PROBLEM OF THE TALKIES

THE TALKING movies are going to get a severe strain when the movie butler in the English society film is called on to announce the Honourable and Mrs. St. John Cholmondeley Marjoribanks.—Arkansas Gazette.

"DEAR MISS FAIRFAX—"

ONE of the everlasting paradoxes is the letter to the Advice to the Lovelorn editor which avers, "I am eighteen and considered very pretty," and is signed "Lonely Heart." —Detroit News.

HOME is where the laundry comes.

—Louisville Times.



"Your friend Phil told me he knew of nothing smaller than my feet."

"I do—the shoes they're in."

—L'INTRASIGEANT (PARIS).



"C-could I have an appointment with the d-d-dentist today?"

"No hope."

"Oh, thank you so much."

—BULLETIN (SYDNEY).

HONEST TOM

TOM HEENEY, we understand, is secretly planning to go in a play. It will be about himself. A producer asked about Tom's ability as an actor. "Well," answered a Broadwayite, "you can judge for yourself. Tom is going to play the part of 'Kid' Martin—they're getting somebody else to play Heeney."

—New York Evening Journal.

"SULTAN Gives U. S. Sailor a Harem." —ITEM. THINK of the expense of distributing ladies from port to port! —Milwaukee Sentinel.

You think you would buy better stuff than the magazine editors do, but so would they if they had a chance. —Columbia (S. C.) State.



The Bartender Rocks the Baby to Sleep.

—SÖNDAGSNISSE-STRIX (STOCKHOLM).

SHOUTING CELLULOIDS

They were sitting around discussing the talking movie. How in a short space of time it has come to the fore—with dozens of improved machines on the market. Every day something changed on it—every morning some peculiar outfit brought to the studio and tried out.

"Listen," cut in Albert Lewis, the producer; "the other day I had one of my stars make a test in front of one of the new inventions—he danced, sang and spoke in it for two hours. I guess something went wrong with the machine—after two hours all it did was clean his hat for him."—*New York Evening Journal*.

AND WHY NOT?

VINCENT MAHONEY and George Sauer have gone to press with a new paper, the *Pike County Times*. The morning after the first edition was on the stands they received a letter attacking their editorial policy. It was signed "Constant Reader."

—*New York Evening Post*.

THE NEED of a museum for things connected with the drama is mentioned in a morning paper. We have often felt this in a theater.

—*Punch*.

WHEN youth calls to youth it makes a lot of extra business for the telephone company.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



"And to think there was a time when they wanted to wear trousers!"

—BYSTANDER (LONDON).

Two is company, three is a crowd in a breakfast nook.—*Louisville Times*.

REVIVED

EVERY time someone starts talking about the prospects of a Republican victory in North Carolina, we are reminded of the story that went the rounds when North Carolina University played Harvard several years ago.

"Boys," pleaded the Carolina coach just before his team trotted on the field, "you've got to get in there and fight for old North Carolina—and don't forget that every man on that Harvard team is a Republican."—*Detroit News*.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bittern by mail, 25 cts. in stamp. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

SPORT NOTE

We still speak of a ranking tennis player as an amateur, but in the same oblique manner in which we hail Dr. Stratton as a Christian. The designation in each case is understood ironically by a generation which has been brought up among the grinning euphemisms of dead ideals.

—*New Republic*.

"She did not keep the appointment. He wailed for nearly an hour for her at Oxford Circus."—*Short Story*.

He must have had it badly.

—*Humorist (London)*.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

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words and pictures

by

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Whisk off
Whiskers.
Yes, you can.
This is the way.
First Hinds Cream,
Then lather,
Then razor.
Whisk!
Go the whiskers.
But don't forget
Hinds Cream first.
It makes whiskers
Oh-so-reasonable.
Your wife has Hinds
Or should have.
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No wife,
Send the coupon.



Before you lather, rub
in Hinds Cream vigor-
ously for two or three
seconds. You'll be sur-
prised how it softens
the beard!



Then lather right over
the Hinds Cream while
it is still wet. Boy!
what a clean, smooth,
easy shave!



After shaving, rub in
a little more Hinds
Cream until your fin-
gers cling. Your skin
will feel soft and re-
laxed all day.

After Shaving HINDS CREAM



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LEHN & FINK, INC.
Sole Distributors
Dept. 1458
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and
Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

Name.....

Address.....
(This coupon not good after October, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

I Feel Much Better

I FEEL much better now. But from the time I left college until quite recently I was in a bad way spiritually. Five long years of self-doubt.... It seemed to me that I was making no contribution to society. I was convinced that the work I have been doing for the five years since leaving college was the least necessary in the world. I looked around me; I could find no man doing work more superfluous than mine.

The other morning I was having one of my bad spells and the iceman rang. That made me more despondent than ever, for I began to think, "Why, my work is more superfluous than his—by far...."

Well, he hauled in the usual fifty pounds and "How you gonna vote?" he asked. At that moment I became as one reborn.

It had suddenly occurred to me that during the past five years a man has been delivering ice at the White House....

Tup.

REVERIE AT THE ZOO

If the elephant were mentally ambitious,
And were properly instructed how to think,
Being naturally anything but vicious,
Nor inclined to war, or politics, or drink,
He would not be doomed to travel with a circus
And subsist on wormy peanuts from a sack,
But would solve the many problems that still irk
us,
For his mind would be as massive as his back.

If he had the gift of ratiocination
And could trace a syllogism to its lair,
The pachyderm would shine at meditation
And would be (I speak in metaphor) a bear.
But when we think how mighty a derision
Of humankind's attainments would be his,
We must, I think, agree on the decision
That we prefer the elephant as is.

—S. K., in
Spokane Spokesman-Review.



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At B'way—New York

Adjacent to Every Ac-
tivity. 600 Bright
Sunlit Rooms. Each
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of laxatives and cathartics. Perfected re-
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less. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

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Liggett's are also Rexall stores

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You will
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"Case dismissed — defendant smokes Sir Walter Raleigh"



NO wife can complain of your cruel and unusual pipe smoking if you stick to Sir Walter Raleigh. It's milder—much. It's fragrant—as she will discover. It's fresh; a wrapping of heavy gold foil inside the tin preserves the tobacco in perfect condition. Choice tobaccos properly blended. You'll like it, she'll like it—and peace and contentment will reign.

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If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send you without charge a full-size tin of this milder pipe mixture.

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Winston-Salem, N. C.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's **milder**



MAYBE WE'RE WRONG

THE following frightful squawk was uttered recently by Bide Dudley (originator of the famous "Goin' some place, Bide?" gag) in his column in the New York *Evening World* (Dem.):

"WHAT'S the matter with LIFE? I mean the humorous (no quotes, please) weekly. The other day I read an issue and wept. Then I decided to make an effort to help the periodical out. Working myself into a light state of mind, I sat down and wrote a 'saying' especially intended to brighten the columns of the good old jester. It was:

"However, the dogs Commander Byrd will take to the South Pole won't be bird-dogs, nor airedales."

"That was the very quip I wrote. And without delay I sent it to the editor of LIFE.

"Before I tell you the rest, read it again. Are you through? All right—now for the surprise. LIFE sent it back with a neatly printed rejection slip saying it just wouldn't do, but suggesting that maybe future thoughts of mine might be worthy of its columns.

"I was dumfounded. I couldn't understand. So I read my copy of LIFE again and finished more puzzled than ever. I studied my 'saying' closely and decided maybe I should have made it 'will try to take.' The idea was that there is no certainty that Byrd will ever reach the South Pole. And of course, if he doesn't, neither will the dogs.

"However, I didn't send the line back to LIFE corrected. Instead, I printed it in this column and eighteen people, that very day, stopped me to say the line was so bright I should be writing for LIFE.

"Oh, well, these are the days of changing humor. Twenty years ago they would have shot Bob Benchley for his essay on 'The Life of the Polyp.' Today we have the Sullivan law which enables a lot of us humorists (advisedly used) to go right ahead pounding out words, as in the case of this story you're reading. But that's that. Will the public kindly look at that funny line of mine again and drop me a few notes explaining why LIFE sent it back? So you won't have to search through your scrap-book for it, dear reader, the line is:

"However, the dogs Commander Byrd takes to the South Pole won't be bird-dogs, nor airedales."

"Let's get to the bottom of this matter."

Since publication of the above bit of beefing, Mr. Dudley has received many letters from his readers. Of course he has printed only those that agreed with him that the joke is funny.

We should now like to hear from the readers of LIFE on this sore subject.

Were we right or wrong in rejecting Mr. Dudley's wheeze about the bird-dogs and the airedales?

If we were wrong, we'll send Mr. Dudley the sum of five dollars, and an apology.

Personally, the more we think about that joke, the better we like our own editorial judgment.

LIFE.

A YOUNG PSYCHOLOGIST
BETTY came running into the house in a state of great excitement.

"Bobby Smith kissed me!" she announced at the top of her shrill voice.

"Why, Betty," cried her mother, "what did he do that for?"

"Well—I'm not sure—but I think I have the stronger will."—*American Legion Monthly*.



a new appetizer for you



You know how an appetizer tickles your palate and puts zest in a meal. Here's a new kind of appetizer—one that gives added flavor to your favorite smoke—Squibb's Dental Cream.

Squibb's spruces up your mouth and sweetens your breath. It fights acids and is particularly soothing to irritated tissues. The minute, clinging grains of Milk of Magnesia it contains act as an antacid long after the actual brushing, and counteract the cause of furry, bitter smoking tastes.

Make Squibb's Dental Cream a daily habit and you will be taking a lease on a lot of unsuspected smoking enjoyment. 40c at any druggist.

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DANGER LINE



The easy way to relieve Dandruff

For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50 year old company.

Every morning give your scalp and hair the finest treatment. Do it casually, easily, quickly. Just wet your hair (or wet the comb), with Sergeant's, and comb your hair. (Break yourself of the habit of using water on your hair).



"Comb your hair with it"

The constant use of Sergeant's will "lubricate" your hair cells without "over-greas-ing." It will keep your scalp healthy and your hair in prime condition. It will gleam. Dry, brittle hair will take on new life. Contains no alcohol to dry the scalp. No odor. No stains.



"Comb your hair with it"

Also every week or oftener, when you shampoo your hair, give yourself a "Rub with Sergeant's". Let Sergeant's get right down to the scalp. Massage your scalp vigorously with the tips of your fingers. You can feel it tingle. Itself an oil treatment. Sergeant's releases natural oil. It remedies dry itchy scalps.

Ask your dealer for Sergeant's for the Hair—75c. Keep the handy bottle in a convenient place where you can't forget to use it. Sample bottle, sent postpaid, on request.

Polk-Miller Products Corporation
2305 Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's

For the
Hair

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LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-one years. In that time it has expended \$419,278.00 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 51,000 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

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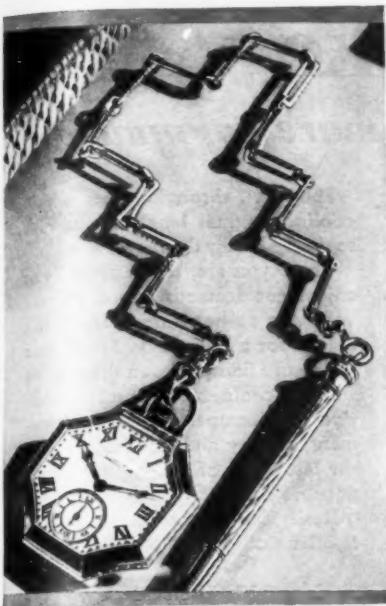


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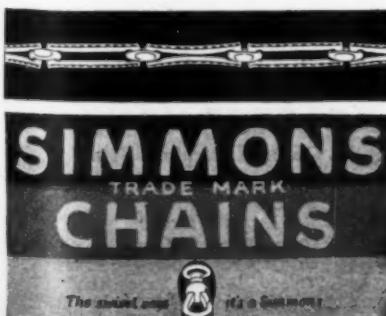
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This Simmons Chain bespeaks the hidden Hamilton

HAMILTON owners are proud of their watches. They want chains every whit as fine. For this Robert Morris model of the Hamilton Watch, Simmons has designed the chain pictured above. It is an 18K white gold-filled Waldemar (30361), priced at \$10.50.

Of course, the chain is not only for Hamilton Watches. It is fitted for Hamilton beauty, quality and durability. But it is also in character with any fine watch. Whatever your taste, or the design of your watch, some Simmons Chain will match it admirably. In many styles, priced from \$4 to \$15. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.



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Mrs. C. C. Paige, Painesville, O.....
D. R. R.....
Florence I. Lewis, New York.....
Mrs. F. T. H., Flushing, N. Y.....
Mrs. Robert F. Griggs, Waterbury, Conn.....
In Memory of C. S. E.....
From Julia and Charlie.....
A. W. Kettle, Jamestown, N. Y.....
Miss Ann Carter, Stamford, Conn.....
E. L. Fardon, Omak, Wash.....
W. H. I., New York.....
Mrs. J. W. Begole, Flint, Mich.....
James D. Williams, New York.....
Isabel G. Dod, Provincetown, Mass.....
E. G. Goodell, Stevens Point, Wis.....
Miss Carrie B. Beall, Hampton, Va.....
In Memory of Mary.....
Edw. F. Cole, Yonkers.....
J. William Mengel, New York.....
Miss M. P., Los Angeles.....
Mrs. C. B. Warren, Rye, N. Y.....
A. Friend, Oklahoma.....
Barbara Jean and Priscilla Bradford Smith.....
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Joe Kindig, Jr., York, Pa.....
Anonymous (Fergus Falls).....
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Mrs. L. W. Coste, St. Louis.....
Students' Supply Store, Ann Arbor, Mich.....
E. K. Hubbard, New York.....
Ally Lou and Carol, Baltimore.....
Mrs. M. E. Jensen, Norwich, Conn.....
Mrs. Moses Taylor, New York.....
D. Pray, Indian River, Mich.....
In Memory of John Henry Upham, Jr.....
Mrs. Rutus C. Dawes, Evanston, Ill.....
Mrs. A. C. Felt, Anaconda, Mont.....
Miss Anna Bogert, New York.....
Anna May Fisher, Cleveland, O.....
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Clarke, Hendersonville, N. C.....
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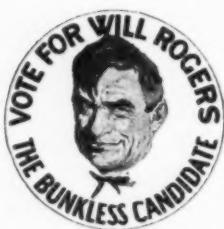
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